Vera et viva Effigies
Johannis Cleeveland.

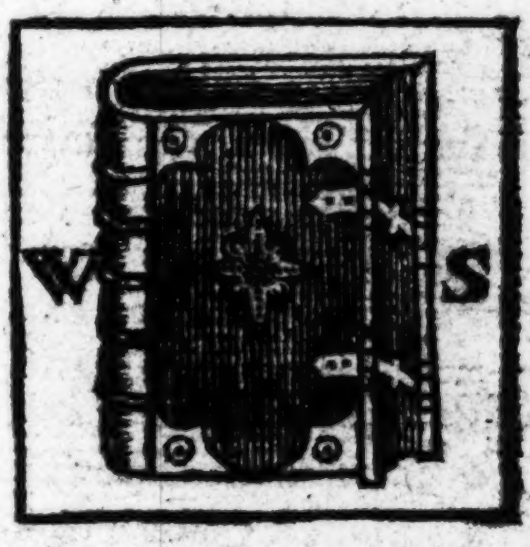
Vera et viva Effigies
Johannis Cleeveland.

POEMS.

BY

J. C.

With Additions, never before Printed.



Printed in the Yeare,
1656.

A brief Table of the POEMS and CHARACTERS.

As also of LETTERS received, and Answers thereunto.

THE Senses Festivall.

Fuscara, *or the* Bee *Errant.*

Julia *to expedite her promise.*

The Hecatomb to his Mistresse.

Upon Sir Thomas Martin.

Upon the Memory of Mr. Edward King *drown'd in the* Irish *Seas.*

On the same.

Upon an Hermaphrodite. (H. Compton.

To the Hectors *upon the unfortunate death of* Square-Cap.

Upon Phillis *walking in a morning before Sun-rising.*

Upon a Miser that made a great Feast, and the next day died for grief.

A young Man to an old Woman *courting him.*

To Mrs. K. T. *who askt him why he was dumb.*

A fair Nymph scorning a black Boy *courting her.*

A Dialogue between two Zealots upon the &c. *in the Oath.*

Smectymnuus, *or the Club-Divines.*

The mixt Assembly.

The Kings disguise.

The Rebell Scot.

The Table.

The Scots *Apostasie.*
Rupertissimus.
Epitaph on the Earl of Strafford.
Epitaphium *Thomæ* Comitis *Strafferdii*, &c.
On the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury.
On J. W, *A. B. of* York.
Mark Anthony.
The Authors Mock-Song to Mark Anthony.
How the Commencement grows *new.*
The Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter.
The Antiplatonick..
Maries *Spikenard.*
Chronosticon Decollationis *Caroli* Regis, &c.
Upon King Charles.
Upon the best of Men and meekest of Martyrs, &c.
Upon the death of King Charles.
The Character of a London-Diurnall.
The Character of a Country Committe-man, with the Ear-mark of a Sequestrator.
A Letter to a Friend, *disswading him from his attempt to marry a* Nun.
Two severall Letters written to J. C.
J. C. *his Answer to each particular Letter.*

TO

TO THE STATE of LOVE, OR, *The Senses Festivall.*

I Saw a vision yester-night
Enough to tempt a *Seekers sight*:
I wisht my self a *Shaker* there,
And her quick pulse my trembling Sphear:
It was a she so glittering bright,
You'd think her soul an *Adamite*.
A person of so rare a frame,
Her body might be lin'd with 'same,
Beauties chiefest Maid of honour;
You'd break a Lent with looking on her.
Not the fair Abbesse of the skies,
With all her Nunnery of eyes,
Can shew me such a glorious prize.
And yet, because 'tis more renown
To make a shadow shine, she's brown;
A brown, for which heaven would disband
The Gallaxye, and stars be tan'd.
Brow by reflection, as her eye,
Dazels the Summers livery.

Old dormant windows muſt confeſſe,
Her beams their glimmering ſpectacles;
Struck with the ſplendor of her face,
Do'th'office of a burning-glaſſe.
Now where ſuch radiant lights have ſhown,
No wonder if her cheeks be grown
Sun-burnt with luſtre of her own.
My ſight took pay, but (thank my charms)
I now empale her in mine armis,
(Loves compaſſes) confining you
Good Angels to a compaſſe too.
Is not the Univerſe ſtraight-lac't,
When I can claſp it in the waſt?
My amorous foulds about thee hurl'd
With *Drake*, I compaſſe in the World;
I hoop the firmament, and make
This my embrace the Zodiack.
How would the Center take my ſence,
When admiration doth commence,
At the extream circumference!
Now to the melting kiſſe that ſips
The jelley'd Philtre of her lips
So ſweet, there is no tongue can praiſe,
Till tranſubſtantiate with a taſte,
Inſpir'd like *Mahomet* from above,
By th'billing of my heav'nly Dove;
Love prints her Signets in her ſmacks,
Thoſe ruddy drops of ſqueezing wax;
Which whereſoever ſhe imparts,
They're Privie Seales to take up hearts.

Ou

Our mouthes encountring at the ſport,
My ſlippery ſoul had quit the fort,
But that ſhe ſtopt the Sally-port,
Next to thoſe ſweets her lips diſpence,
As twin-conſerves of eloquence,
The ſweet perfume her breath affords;
Incorporating with her words;
No Roſary this votreſſe needs,
Her very ſyllables are beads.
No ſooner 'twixt thoſe Rubies born,
But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.
With what delight her ſpeech doth enter,
It is a kiſſe o'th' ſecond venter.
And I diſſolve at what I hear,
As if another *Roſomond* were
Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my ear.
Yet, that's but a preludious bliſſe;
Two ſouls pickearing in a kiſſe.
Embraces do but draw the line,
'Tis ſtorming that muſt take her in.
When bodies whine, and victory hovers
'Twixt the equall fluttering lovers,
This is the game, make ſtakes my dear,
Hark how the ſprightly *Chanticlere*,
That Baron *Tell-clock* of the night,
Sounds *Boot-eſel* to *Cupids* knight.
Then have at all, the paſſe is got,
For coming off, oh name it not:
Who would not dye upon the ſpot?

FUSCARA, or the BEE Errant.

NAtures confectioner, the *Bee*,
Whose suckets are moist *Alchymie*,
The Still of his refining mould,
Minting the Garden into gold;
Having rifled all the fields
Of what dainties *Flora* yields,
Ambitious now to take Exeise
Of a more fragrant Paradise,
At my *Fuscara*'s sleeve arriv'd.
Where all delicious sweets are hiv'd.
The ayrie Free-booter distreins
First on the Violet of her Veins,
Whose tincture could it be more pure,
His ravenous kisse had made it bluer:
Here did he sit, and essence quaff,
Till her coy pulse had beat him off:
That Pulse, which he that feels may know
Whether the Worlds long-liv'd or no.
The next he preys on is her Palm,
That Alm'ner of transpiring Balm;
So soft, 'tis air but once renov'd,
Tender as 'twere a Jelly glov'd,
Here while his canting drone pipe scan'd
The Mystick figures of her hand,
He tipples Palmestry, and dives
On all her fortune-telling lives

He

He bathes in bliſſe, and finds no odds
Betwixt the Nectar and the Gods,
He perches now upon her wriſt,
A proper hawk for ſuch a fiſt,
Making that fleſh his bill of fare,
Which hungry Cannibals would ſpare.
Where Lillies in a lovely brown
Inoculate Carnation:
Her *Argent* skin with *Or* ſo ſtream'd,
As if the milky way were cream'd.
From hence he to the wood-bine bends
That quivers at her fingers ends,
That runs diviſion on the tree,
Like a thick branching pedigree.
So 'tis not her the Bee devours,
It is a pretty maze of flowers,
It is the roſe that bleeds when he
Nibbles his nice Phlebotomy.
About her finger he doth cling
I'th' faſhion of a wedding ring,
And bids his Comrades of the ſwarm
Crawl on a bracelet 'bout her arm,
Thus when the hovering Publican
Had ſuck'd the Toll of all her ſpan,
Tuning his draughts with drowſie hums,
As *Danes* carowſe by Kettle Drums,
It was decreed that poſie glean'd
The ſmall familiar ſhould be wean'd:
At this the Errants courage quails,
Yet aided by his native ſails,

The

The bold *Columbus* ſtill deſignes
To finde her undiſcovered mines:
To th' *Indies* of her arm he flies
Fraught both with Eaſt and Weſtern prize;
Which when he had in vain aſſaid,
Arm'd like a dapper Lance-preſade.
With *Spaniſh* pike he broacht a pore,
And ſo both made and heal'd the ſore:
For as in Gummy trees there's found,
A ſalve to iſſue at the wound,
Of this her breach the like was true,
Hence trickled out a balſome too:
But oh! what Waſp was't that could prove
Ratilias to my *Queen of Love?*
The King of Bees now's jealous grown,
Leſt her beams ſhould melt his throne:
And finding that his tribute ſlacks,
His Burgeſſes, and ſtate of Wax
Turn'd to an Hoſpitall, the combs
Build rank and file like Beads-mens rooms,
And what they bleed but tart and ſowre,
Matcht with my *Danaes* golden ſhowre,
Live-Hony all, the envious elf
Stung her, cauſe ſweeter than himſelf.
Sweetneſſe and ſhe are ſo ally'd,
The *Bee* committed parricide.

To Julia to expedite her promiſe.

Since 'tis my Doom, Love's under-Shrieve
Why this reprieve?
Why doth my She-Advowſon flie
Incumbency?
Panting Expectance makes us prove
The Anticks of benighted Love,
And withered Mates when wedlock joynes,
They're *Hymens* Monkeys which he ties by th'loynes,
To play (alas!) but at Rebated Foynes.
To ſell thy ſelf doſt thou intend
By Candle end?
And hold the contract thus in doubt,
Life's Taper out?
Think but how ſoon the market failes;
Your Sex lives faſter than the males,
As if to meaſure Age's ſpan
The Sober *Julian* were th'Account of Man,
Whil'ſt You live by the fleet *Gregorian*.
Now ſince you bear a Date ſo ſhort
Live double for't.
How can thy Fortreſſe ever ſtand
If't be not man'd?
The Siege ſo gaines upon the Place,
Thoul't find the Trenches in thy Face,
Pity thy ſelf then, if not me,
And hold not out, leſt (like *Oſtend*) thou be
Nothing but Rubbiſh at Deliverie.

The

The Candidates of *Peter's* chair
must plead gray hair,
And use the Simony of a cough
To help them off;
But when I woe thus old and spent,
I'le wed by Will and Testament.
No, let us love while crisp'd and curl'd,
Are but gay Furlowes for another world.

To morrow what thou tender'st me,
Is Legacie;
Not one of all those rav'nous houres
But thee devours.
And though thou still recruited be,
Like *Pelops*, with soft Ivorie;
Though thou consume but to renew,
Yet Love, as Lord, doth claim a Herriot due.
That's the best quick thing I can find of you.

I feel thou art consenting ripe
By that soft gripe.
And those regealing christall spheares
I hold thy teares,
Pledges of more distilling sweets,
The Bath that ushers in the sheets,
Else pious *Julia* (Angel-wise)
Moves the *Bethesda* of her trickling eyes
To cure the spittle-world of maladies.

THE

THE HECATOMB TO HIS MISTRESSE.

BE dumb ye beggers of the rhiming Trade,
Geld the looſe wits, and let the Muſe be ſplaid.
Charge not the pariſh with the baſtard phraſe
Of Balm, Elixar, both the Indias,
Of ſhrine, ſaint, ſacriledge, and ſuch as theſe
Expreſſions common as their Miſtreſſes.
Hence ye fantaſtick Poſtillers in ſong,
My text defeats your art, ties Natures tongue,
Scorns all his tinſil'd Metaphors of pelf,
Illuſtrated by nothing but his ſelf.
As Spiders travell by their bowels ſpun
Into a thred, and when the race is run,
Wind up their journey in a living clew,
So is it with my Poetry and you.
From your own eſſence muſt I firſt untwine,
Then twiſt again each Panegerick line.
Reach then a ſoaring quill, that I may write,
As with a *Jacobs* ſtaff to take the height.
Suppoſe an Angel darting through the air,
Should there encounter a religious prayer
Mounting to heaven, that intelligence
Should for a Sunday-ſuit thy breath condenſe

Into

Into a body. Let me crack a ſtring
In venturing higher; were the note I ſing,
Above heavens *Ela*, ſhould I undecline,
And with a deep-mouth'd *Gammut* ſound agen
From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth,
Nor finde an Epithite to ſet it forth.
Mettals may blazon common beauties; She
Makes pearl and planets humble herauldry,
As then a purer ſubſtance is defin'd,
But by a heap of Negatives combind;
Ask what a ſpirit is, you'l hear them cry
It hath no matter, no mortality:
So can I not define how ſweet, how fair,
Onely I ſay ſhe's not as others are:
For what perfection we to others grant,
It is her ſole perfection to want.
All other formes ſeem in reſpect of thee
The Almanacks miſhap'd Anatomy,
Where *Aries* head and face; *Bull* neck and throat;
The *Scorpion* gives the ſecrets; knees, the *Goat*:
A brief of limbs foul as thoſe beaſts, or are
Their name-ſak'd ſignes in their ſtrange character.
As the Philoſophers to every ſence
Marry it's object, yet with ſome diſpence,
And grant them a Poligamy withall,
And theſe their common ſenſibles they call:
So is't with her, who ſtinted unto none,
Unites all Sences in each action.
The ſame beam heats and lights; to ſee her well,
Is both to hear and feel, to taſte and ſmell.

For

For can you want a palate in your eyes,
When each of his contains a double prize,
Venus his apple? can the eyes want noſe,
When from each cheek buds forth a fragrant Roſe?
Or can the ſight be deaf if ſhe but ſpeak,
A well-tun'd face ſuch moving Rhetorick?
Doth not each look a flaſh of light'ning feel
Which ſpares the bodies ſheath, and melts the ſteel?
Thy ſoul muſt needs confeſſe, or grant thy ſence
Corrupted with the objects excellence,
Sweet Magick, which can make five ſences lie
Conjur'd within the circle of an eye.
In whom, ſince all the five are intermixt,
Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove his fixt!
Thou man of mouth, that canſt not name a She
Unleſſe all nature pay a Subſidie,
Whoſe language is a Tax, whoſe Musk-cat verſe
Voides nought but flowers for thy Muſes herſe,
Fitter then *Celia*'s looks, who in a trice
Canſt ſtate the long diſputed Paradiſe:
And with Divines hunt with ſo cold a ſcent,
Can in her boſome finde it reſident.
Now come aloft, come, come and breath a vein,
And give ſome vent unto thy daring ſtrain.
Say the Aſtrologer, who ſpels the ſtars,
In that fair Alphabet reads peace and wars,
Miſtakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye
Interprets heavens Phiſiognomy.
Call her the Metaphyſicks of her Sex,
And ſay ſhe tortures wits, as *Quartans* vex

Phy-

Phyſitians: call her the *Square* circle, ſay
She is the very rule of *Algebra*:
What e're you undertake not, ſay't of her,
For that's the way to write her Character.
Say this and more, and when thou hop'ſt to raiſe
Thy fancy ſo as to incloſe her praiſe,
Alas poor *Gotham* with thy Coocko hedge,
Hyperbolies are here but ſacriledge.
Then rouze up Muſe, what thou haſt reveal'd out,
Some comments clear not, but increaſe the doubt.
She that affords poor mortals not a glance
Of knowledge, but is known by ignorance:
She that Commits a rape on every ſence,
Whoſe breath can countermand a peſtilence;
She that can ſtrike the beſt invention dead,
Till baffled Poetry hangs down her head:
She, ſhe it is, ſhe that contains all bliſſe,
And makes the world but her Periphraſis.

Upon

UPON Sir THOMAS MARTIN, Who ſubſcribed a Warrant thus.

We the Knights and Gentlemen of the Committee, &c. When there was no Knight but himſelf.

HAng out a flag, and gather pence a piece
(Which *Africk* never bred nor ſwelling *Greece*
With ſtories Timpany) a beaſt ſo rare,
No *Lecturers* wrought cap, nor *Bartholmew* fair
Can match him; natures whimſey, one that out-vies
Tredeskin and his ark of Novelties.
The *Gog* and *Magog* of prodigious ſights
With reverence to your eyes, Sir *Thomas Knights*:
But is this Bigamy of titles due?
Are you Sir *Thomas* and Sir *Martin* too?
Iſachar couchant 'twixt a brace of Sirs,
Thou Knighthood in a pair of panniers.
Thou that look'ſt wrapt up in thy warlike leather,
Like *Valentine* and *Orſon* bound together.
Spurs repreſentative! thou that art able
To be a *Voider* to King *Arthurs Table*:
Who in this ſacrilegious maſſe of all,
It ſeems ha's ſwallowed *Windſors* Hoſpitall.

Pair-royall headed *Cerberus* his Cozen:
Hercules labours were a Bakers dozen.
Had he but trumpt on thee, whose forked neck
Might well have answered at the Font for *Smeck*:
But can a knighthood on a Knighthood lie,
Mettall on mettall is ill Armoury.
And yet the known *Godfrey* of *Bullion*'s coat
Shines in exception to the Heraulds vote.
Great spirits move not by pendantick laws
Their actions, though eccentrick, state the cause,
And *Priscian* bleeds with honour: *Cæsar* thus
Subscrib'd two Consuls with one *Julius*.
Tom never oaded Squire, scarce Yeoman high,
Is *Tom* twice dipt Knight of a double dy?
Fond man! whose fate is in his name betraid,
It is the setting Sun doubles his shade;
But its no matter, for *Amphibious* he
May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

On

On the memory of Mr. Edward King, *drown'd in the Iriſh Seas.*

I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
His artificiall grief who ſcans his eyes,
Mine weep down pious beads, but why ſhould I
Confine them to the Muſes Roſary?
I am no poet here; my pen's the ſpout
Where the Rain-water of mine eyes run out,
In pity of that Name, whoſe fate we ſee
Thus copied out in griefs Hydrography:
The Muſes are not Mair-maids, though upon
His death the Ocean might turn *Helicon.*
The Sea's too rough for verſe; who rhimes upon't
With *Xerxes* ſtrives to fetter th' *Heleſpont.*
My tears will keep no channell, know no laws
To guide the ſtreams; but (like the waves their cauſe)
Run with diſturbance, till they ſwallow me
As a deſcription of his miſery.
But can his ſpacious virtue find a grave
Within th' impoſthum'd bubble of a wave?
Whoſe learning if we ſound, we muſt confeſſe
The Sea but ſhallow, and him bottomleſſe.
Could not the wind to counter-mand thy death,
With their whole card of Lungs redeem thy breath?
Or ſome new Iſland in thy reſcue peep,
To heave thy reſurrection from the deep!
That ſo the world might ſee thy ſafety wrought,
With no leſſe wonder then thy ſelf was thought,

The famous *Stagarite*, who in his life
Had nature as familiar as his wife,
Bequeath'd his Widow to ſurvive with thee,
Queen Dowager of all Philoſophy:
An ominous Legacy that did portend
Thy fate and Predeceſſours ſecond end:
Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find,
The Sea can parallell in ſhape and kind:
Books, arts and tongues were wanting, but in thee
Neptune hath got an Univerſity.
Wee'l dive no more for pearls, the hope to ſee
Thy ſacred reliques of mortality
Shall welcome ſtorms, and make the ſea-men prize
His ſhipwrack now more then his merchandize.
He ſhall embrace the waves, and to the tombe
As to a Royaller Exchange ſhall come.
What can we now expect? water and fire;
Both elements our ruine do conſpire:
And that diſſolves us which doth us compound,
One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
We of the Gown our Libraries muſt toſſe
To underſtand the greatneſſe of our loſſe,
Be pupils to our grief, and ſo much grow
In learning as our ſorrowes overflow.
When we have fill'd the Rundlets of our eyes,
Wee'l iſſu'e forth, and vent ſuch Elegies,
As that our tears ſhall ſeem the *Iriſh* Seas,
We floating Iſlands living *Hebrides*,

On

On the ſame.

TEll me no more of *Stoicks*: canſt thou tell
Who 'twas, that when the waves began to ſwell,
The Ship to ſink, ſad paſſengers to call,
[Maſter we periſh] ſlept ſecure of all?
Remember this, and him that waking kept,
A mind as conſtant as he did that ſlept.
Canſt thou giue credit to his zeal and love,
That went to Heauen, and to thoſe flames above
Wrapt in a fiery Chariot? ſince I heard
Who 'twas that on his knees the Veſſel ſteer'd
With hands bolt up to Heaven, ſince I ſee
As yet no ſign of his mortality;
Pardon me, Reader, if I ſay he's gone
The ſelf-ſame journey in a watry one.

Upon an
HERMAPHRODITE.

SIr, or Madam, chuſe you whether,
Nature twiſt'd you both together:
And makes thy ſoul two garbs confeſſe,
Both petticoat and breeches dreſſe.
Thus we chaſtiſe the God of Wine,
With water that is feminine,
Untill the cooler Nymph abate
His wrath, and ſo concorporate.
Adam till his rib was loſt,
Had both Sexes thus ingroſt:
When Providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
Then did man 'bout wedlock treat,
To make his body up compleat:
Thus Matrimony ſpeaks but *ill hee*
In a grave ſolemnity.
For man and wife make but one right
Canonicall *Hermaphrodite*:
Ravell thy body, and I find
In every limb a double kind,
Who would not think that head a pair
That breeds ſuch factions in the hair?
One half ſo churliſh in the touch,
That rather then endure ſo much,
It would my tender limbs apparrell
In *Regulus* his nailed barrell:

But

But the other half ſo ſmall,
And ſo amorous withall,
That *Cupid* thinks each hair doth grow
A ſtring for his invis'ble bow.
When I look babies in thine eyes,
Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
And though thy beauty be high noon,
Thy Orb contains both Sun and Moon:
How many melting kiſſes skip
'Twixt thy Male and Female lip?
'Twixt thy upper bruſh of hair
And thy nether beards deſpair?
When thou ſpeak'ſt, I would not wrong
Thy ſweetneſſe with a double tongue:
But in every ſingle ſound
A perfect Dialogue is found:
Thy breaſts diſtinguiſh one another;
This the Siſter, that the Brother.
When thou joyn'ſt hands my ear ſtill fancies
The Nuptiall ſound, I *John* take *Frances*:
Feel but the difference, ſoft, and rough,
This is a Gantlet, that a Muff:
Had ſly *Ulyſſes* at the ſack
Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlers pack,
And weapons too to know *Achilles*
From King *Nichomedes Phillis*.
His plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
The needle that the warlike ſteel,
When muſick doth thy pace advance,
Thy right leg takes the left to dance,

Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
But a mixt dance though alone:
Thus every heteroclite part
Changes gender, not the heart.
Nay, those which Modesty can mean,
And dare not speak, are Epicœne;
That gamster needs must overcome,
That can play both *Tib* and *Tom*.
Thus did Natures mintage vary,
Coyning thee a *Phillip* and *Mary*.

The Authours HERMAPHRODITE,

Made after Mr. Randolph's *death, yet inserted into his* POEMS.

PRobleme of Sexes! must thou likewise be
As disputable in thy pedigree?
Thou twins in one, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw lesse then Aums ace upon two Dice:
Wer't thou serv'd up two in one dish, the rather
To split thy Sire into a double father?
True, the worlds scales are even: what the main
In one gets place, another quits again.
Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must
Slice one in two to keep her number just:

Plurality

Plurality of livings is thy ſtate,
And therefore mine muſt be impropriate.
For, ſince the child is mine, and yet the claim
Is intercepted by anothers name,
Never did ſteeple carry double truer,
His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
Then ſay my Muſe (and without more diſpute)
Who 'tis that fame doth ſuper-inſtitute.
The *Theban* Wittall, when he once deſcries,
Jove in his rivall, falls to ſacrifice:
That name hath tipt his horns: ſee on his knees;
A health to Hans-en-Kelder *Hercules*.
Nay ſublunary cuckolds are content
To entertain their fate with complement;
And ſhall not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daigns
To quarter with his Muſe both armes and brains?
Grammercy Goſſip, I rejoyce to ſee
Shee'th' got a leap of ſuch a Barbary.
Talk not of horns, horns are the Poets creſt;
For ſince the Muſes left their former neſt,
To found a *Nunnery* in *Randolph's* quill,
Cuckold *Parnaſſus* is a forked hill.
But ſtay, I've wak't his duſt, his Marble ſtirs,
And brings the worms for his compurgators.
Can Ghoſt have naturall ſons? ſay *Ogg*, is't meet,
Pennance bear date after the winding ſheet?
Were it a *Phœnix* (as the double kind
May ſeem to prove being there's two combin'd)
It would diſclaim my right, and that it were
The lawfull iſſue of his aſhes, ſwear.

Bu

But was he dead? did not his soul translate
Her self into a shop of lesser rate?
Or break up house, like an expensive Lord,
That gives his purse a fob, and lives at board?
Let old *Pithagoras* but play the Pimp,
And still there's hopes't may prove his bastard imp:
But I'm profane; For grant the world had one,
With whom he might contract an union,
They two were one, yet like an Eagle spread,
I'th' Body joyn'd, but parted in the Head.
For you my brat, that pose the Porph'ry Chair,
Pope *John*, or *Joan*, or whatsoere you are,
You are a Nephew, grieve not at your state,
For all the world is illegitimate.
Man cannot get a man, unless the Sun
Clue to the act of generation.
The Sun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I
Are the joynt fathers of the Poetry.
For since (blest shade) this verse is male, but mine,
O'th' weaker Sex a fancy feminine:
Wee'l part the child, and yet commit no slaughter,
So shall it be thy Son, and yet my daughter.

To the HECTORS, upon the unfortunate death of H. COMPTON.

YOu Hectors! tame professors of the Sword,
Who in the chair state Duels, whose black words

Be-

Bewitches courage, and like Devils too
Leaves the bewitch'd, when't comes to fight and do.
Who on your errand our beſt Spirits ſend,
Not to kill Swine or Cowes, but man and friend;
Who are an whole Court-Martiall in your drink,
And diſpute Honour, when you cannot think
Not orderly, but prate out valour, as
You grow inſpir'd by th' oracle of the Glaſſe;
Then (like our zeal-drunk Presbyters) cry down
All Law of Kings and God, but what's their own.
Then y'have the gift of fighting, can diſcern
Spirits, who's fit to act and who to learn,
Who ſhall be baffled next, who muſt be beat,
Who kill'd, that you may drink, and ſwear and eat:
Whilſt you applaud thoſe murthers which you teach,
And live upon the wounds your Riots preach.
Mere booty ſouls! Who bid us fight a prize
To feaſt the laughter of our enemies?
Who ſhout, and clap at wounds, count it pure gain,
Mere providence to hear a *Compton*'s ſlain.
A name they dearly hate, and juſtly; ſhould (bloud;
They lov't 'twere worſe, their love would taint the
Bloud alwayes true, true as their ſwords and cauſe,
And never vainly loſt, till your wild Laws
Scandall'd their actions in this perſon, who
Truly durſt more then you dare think to do.
A man made up of graces, every Move
Had entertainment in it, and drew Love
From all but him who kill'd him, who ſeeks a grave
And fears a Death more ſhamefull then he gave.

Now

Now you dread Hectors! you whom tyrant drink
Drags thrice about the Town; what do you think?
(If you be sober) Is it valour? say!
To overcome, and then to run away.
Fie, fie, your lusts and Duels both are one,
Both are repented of as soon as done.

Square Cap.

COme hither *Apollo*'s bouncing girle,
And in a whole *Hippocrene* of Sherry
Let's drink a round till our brains do whirle,
Tuning our pipes to make our selves merry;
A Cambridge-Lasse, *Venus* like, born of the froth
Of an old half fill'd Jug of barly broth;
She she's my Mistresse, her suiters are many,
But shee'l have a *Square-cap* if ere she have any.

And first, for the Plush sake the *Monmouth-cap* comes,
Shaking his head like an empty bottle,
With his new fangled oath, by *Jupiters thumbs*,
That to her health hee'l begin a pottle:
He tells her that after the death of his Grannam,
He shall have God knows what *per annum*:
But still she replied, good Sir La-bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Then

Then Calot *Leather-cap* ſtrongly pleads,
And fain would derive the pedigree of faſhion;
The *Antipodes* wear their ſhoes on their heads,
And why may not we in their imitation?
Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would pleaſe,
If it were but well toſs'd on S. *Thomas* his Lees.
But ſtill ſhe reply'd good Sir La-bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square cap* for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a *Wrought-cap*,
With a long waſted conſcience towards a Siſter,
And making a chappell of eaſe of her lap,
Firſt he ſaid grace, and then he kiſt her.
Beloved, quoth he, thou art my Text,
Then falls he to Uſe and Application next:
But then ſhe replied, your Text (Sir) I'le be,
For then I'me ſure you'l ne'r handle me.

But ſee where *Satten-cap* ſcouts about, (ry:
And fain would this wench in his fellowſhip mar-
He told her how ſuch a man was not put out,
Becauſe his wedding he cloſely did carry,
Hee'l purchaſe Induction by Simony;
And offers her money her incumbent to be.
But ſtill ſhe replied, good Sir La-bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square cap* for me.

The Lawyer's a Sophiſter by his *Round-cap*,
Nor in their fallacies are they divided;

The one milkes the pocket, the other the tap,
And yet this wench he fain would have brided.
Come leave these thred bare Scholars, quoth he,
And give me livery and season of thee;
But peace *John-a-Nokes*, and leave your Oration,
For I never will be your Impropriation.
I pray you therefore good Sir La-be;
For if ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Upon PHILLIS walking in a *Morning before* Sun-rising.

THe sluggish morn as yet undrest,
My *Phillis* brake from out her East,
As if shee'd made a match to run
With *Venus*, Usher to the Sun.
The trees, like Yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp then ward,
Bank'd on each side with loyall duty,
Wave branches to enclose her beauty.
The plants, whose luxury was lopt,
Or age with crutches underpropt,
Whose wooden carkases are grown
To be but coffins of their own,
Revive, and at her generall dole
Each receives his ancient soul.
The winged Choristers began
To chirp their Mattins: and the Fan

Of

Of whiſtling winds, like Organs, plaid,
Unto their Voluntaries made
The wak'ned earth in odours riſe
To be her morning Sacrifice,
The flowers call'd out of their beds,
Start and raiſe up their drowſie heads,
And he that for their colour ſeeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where Roſes mix no civill war
Between her *York* and *Lancaſter*,
The Marigold, whoſe Courtiers face,
Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace
Her at his riſe, at his full ſtop
Packs, and ſhuts up her gaudy ſhop;
Miſtakes her kue and doth diſplay;
Thus *Phillis* antidates the day.
These Miracles had cramp't the Sun,
Who thinking that his Kingdom's won
Powders with light his friz'led locks,
To ſee what Saints his luſtre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he plaid,
Dapling the walk with light and ſhade,
Like lattice-windowes give the ſpye
Room but to peep with half an eye.
Leſt her full Orb his ſight ſhould dim,
And bids us all good night in him,
Till ſhe would ſpend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-faſhion'd day.
But what religious palſie's this,
Which makes the boughs diveſt their bliſſe?

And

And that they might her footsteps straw
Drop their leaves with shivering awe.
Phillis perceives, (and left her stay
Should wed *October* unto *May*;
And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring)
Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the Sun her Curate-light.

Upon a MISER that made a great feast, *and the next day died for grief.*

NOr scapes he so: our dinner was so good,
My liquorish muse cannot but chew the cud:
And what delight she took in th'invitation,
Strives to cast o're again in this relation.
After a tedious grace in *Hopkins* rhime,
Not for devotion, but to take up time;
March'd the train band of dishes usher'd there,
To shew their postures, and then *as they were*.
For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye
He will afford the lovers gluttony;
This is a feast, a Muster, not a fight,
Our weapons not for service but for sight.
But are we Tantaliz'd? is all this meat
Cook'd by a Limner for to view, not eat?
Th'Astrologers keep such *Houses* when they sup
On joynts of *Taurus* or their heavenly Tup.

What

Whatever feasts be made are summ'd up here,
His table vyes not standing with his chear.
His Churchings, Christ'nings, in this meal are all,
And not transcrib'd, but in th'Originall.
Christmas is no feast moveable: for lo
The self-same dinner was ten yeares ago;
'Twill be immortall, if it longer stay,
The gods will eat it for *Ambrosia*.
But stay a while, unlesse my whinyard fail,
Or is inchanted. I'le cut off th'intail.
Saint George for England then, have at the Mutton,
When the first cut call's me bloud-thirsty glutton:
What *Ajax*, with his anger quodl'd brain
Killing a sheep, thought *Agamemnon* slain,
The fiction's now prov'd true; wounding his rost,
I lamentably butcher up mine host:
Such sympathy is with his meat, my weapon
Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his Capon.
Cut a Goose leg, and the poor soul for moan
Turns cripple too, and after stands on one.
Have you not heard the abominable sport,
A *Lancaster* Grand-Jury will report?
The souldier with his Morglay watcht the Mill,
The cats they came to feast, when lusty *Will*
Whips off great Pusses leg, which by some charm
Proves the next day such an old womans arm:
'Tis so with him, whose carcase never scapes,
But still we slash them in a thousand shapes:
Our serving-men, like Spaniells range, to spring
The fowl when he hath clockt under her wing.

Should he on Widgeon, and on Woodcock feed,
It were (*Thyestes* like) on his own breed.
To pork he pleads a superstition due,
But not a mouth is muzled by the Jew.
Sauces we should have none, had he his wish,
The Oranges i'th' margent of the dish,
He with such Hucsters tells them o're and o're,
Th' *Hesperian* Dragon never watcht them more.
But being eaten now into despair,
Having nought else to do he falls to pray'r.
As thou didst once put on the form of Bull,
And turn'st thy *Io* to a lovely Mull,
Defend my rump great *Jove*, grant this poor beef
May live to comfort me in all my grief.
But no *Amen* was said: See, see it comes.
Draw boyes, let trumpets sound, and strike up drums.
See how his bloud doth with the gravy swim,
And every trencher has a limb of him.
The Venson's now in view, our hounds spend deeper,
Strange Deer, which in the Pasty hath a keeper
Stricter than in the Park, making his guest
(As he hath stoln't alive) to steal it drest:
The scent was hot, and we pursuing faster,
Then *Ovids* pack of dogs e're chac'd their Master.
A double prey at once may seize upon,
Actæon and his Case of Venison:
Thus was he torn alive. To vex him worse,
Death serves him up now as a second course.
Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
He would have liv'd onely to save his meat.

A

A Young Man to an Old Woman *Courting him.*

PEace Beldam *Eve*, ſurceaſe thy ſuit ;
There's no temptation in ſuch fruit.
No rotten Medlers, whilſt there be
Whole Orchards in Virginity.
Thy ſtock is too much out of date
For tender plants t'inoculate.
A match with thee thy bridegroom feares,
Would be thought intereſt in his yeares.
Which when compar'd to thine, become
Odde money to thy Grandam ſumme.
Can Wedlock know ſo great a curſe
As putting Husbands out to Nurſe ?
How *Pond* and *Rivers* would miſtake,
And cry new Almanacks for our ſake ?
Time ſure hath wheel'd about this year,
December meeting *Januveer*.
Th'Ægyptian Serpent figures time,
And ſtript, returns unto his prime :
If my affection thou would'ſt win,
Firſt caſt thy Hieroglyphick skin.
My modern lips know not (alack)
The old Religion of thy ſmack ;
I count that primitive imbrace,
As out of faſhion as thy face.
And yet ſo long 'tis ſince thy fall,
Thy fornication's claſſicall.

Our ſports will differ, thou may'ſt play
Leero and I *Alphonſo* way.
I'me no tranſlator, have no yein
To turn a woman young again:
Unleſſe you'l grant the Taylors due,
To ſee the fore-bodies be new:
I love to wear cloathes that are fluſh,
Not prefacing old rags with pluſh:
Like Alder-men, or Monſter-Sheriffs,
With canvas backs, and velvet-ſleeves.
And juſt ſuch diſcord there would be
Betwixt the Skeleton and me.
Go ſtudy ſalve and treacle, ply
Your tenants leg, or his ſore eye;
Thus Matrons purchaſe credit, thank
Six pennie-worth of Mountebank,
Or chew thy cud on ſome delight
Thou takeſt in thy *Eighty Eight*.
Or be but bed-rid once, and then
Thou'lt dream thy youthfull ſins agen,
But if thou needs wilt be my Spouſe,
Firſt hearken and attend my vowes.
When Ætna's *fires ſhall undergo*
The penance of the Alps in ſnow:
When Sol *at one blaſt of his horn*
Poſts from the Crab *to* Capricorn:
When th'heavens ſhuffle all in one,
The Torrid with the frozen Zone;
When all theſe contradictions meet,
Then (Sibyll) *thou and I will greet.*

For

For all theſe ſimilies do hold
In my young heat and thy dull cold;
Then if a Feaver be ſo good
A Pimp as to inflame thy blood,
Hymen ſhall twiſt thee and thy page,
The diſtinct Tropick of mans age.
Well (Madam Time) be ever bald,
I'le not thy Perywig be call'd.
I'le never be ſtead of a lover,
An aged Chronicles new cover.

To Mrs. *K. T.* who askt him why *he was Dumb.*

STay, ſhould I anſwer (Lady) then
In vain would be your queſtion.
Should I be dumb, why then again
Your asking me would be in vain.
Silence nor ſpeech (on neither hand)
Can ſatisfie this ſtrange demand.
Yet ſince your will throws me upon
This wiſhed contradiction,
I'le tell you how I did become
So ſtrangely (as you heare me) dumb.
Ask but the chap-fall'n Puritan,
'Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man,
For heat of conſcience all men hold,
Is th'onely way to catch their cold:

How ſhould loves zealot then forbear
To be your ſilenc'd Miniſter?
Nay, your Religion, which doth grant
A worſhip due to you my Saint,
Yet counts it that devotion wrong
That does it in the vulgar tongue.
My ruder words would give offence
To ſuch an hallow'd excellence:
As th'Engliſh dialect would vary
The goodneſſe of an *Ave Mary*.
How can I ſpeak, that twice am check't
By this and that religious Sect?
Still dumb, and in your face I ſpie
Still cauſe, and ſtill Divinity!
As ſoon as bleſt with your ſalute,
My manners taught me to be mute:
For, leſt they cancel all the bliſſe,
You ſign'd with ſo divine a kiſſe,
The lips you ſeal muſt needs conſent
Unto the tongues impriſonment,
My tongue in hold, my voice doth riſe
With a ſtrange *E-la* to my eyes,
Where it gets hail, and in that ſenſe
Begins a new-found Eloquence:
Oh liſten with attentive ſight
To what my prattling eyes endite;
Or (Lady) ſince 'tis in your choice,
To give, or to ſuſpend my voice,
With the ſame key ſet ope the door
Wherewith you lock't it faſt before;

Kiſſe once again, and when you thus
Have doubly been miraculous,
My Muſe ſhall write with Handmaids duty,
The Golden Legend of your beauty.

He, whom his dumbneſſe now confines,
But means to ſpeak the reſt by ſignes.

A Fair NYMPH ſcorning a Black Boy *Courting her.*

Nymph. STand off, and let me take the air,
Why ſhould the ſmoke purſue the fair?
Boy. My face is ſmoke, thence may be gueſs't
What flames within have ſcorch'd my breſt.
Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view,
For the dark Lanthorn of thy hue.
Boy. And yet this Lanthorn keeps Loves taper,
Surer than yours that's of white paper.
Whatever midnight hath been here,
The Moon-ſhine of your light can clear.
Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipſe is 'fraid,
If thou ſhouldſt interpoſe thy ſhade.
Boy. Yet one thing (ſweet-heart) I will ask,
Buy for me a new falſe Mask.
Nymph. Yes: but my bargain ſhall be this,
I'le throw my Mask off when I kiſſe.

Boy. Our curl'd imbraces ſhall delight,
To checquer limbs with black and white.
Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me gueſſe,
Our Nuptiall bed will make a preſſe;
And in our ſports if any came,
They'l read a wanton Epigram.
Boy. Why ſhould my black thy love impair?
Let the dark ſhop commend thy ware:
Or if thy love from black forbeares,
I'le ſtrive to waſh it off with teares.
Nymph. Spare fruitleſſe teares, ſince thou muſt needs
Still wear about thee mourning weeds:
Teares can no more affection win,
Than waſh the Æthiopian skin.

A Dialogue between two Zealots upon *the* &c. *in the* OATH.

SIr *Roger*, from a zealous piece of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Children threes;
Whoſe yearly Audit may, by ſtrict accompt,
To twenty Nobles, and his vailes Amount;
Fed on the common of the female charity,
Untill the Scots can bring about their parity,
So ſhotten, that his ſoul-like to himſelf,
Walks but in *Querpo*: this ſame Clergy Elf,
Encountring with a brother of the Cloth,
Fell preſently to Cudgels with the Oath:

The

The Quarrell was a ſtrange miſ-ſhapen Monſter,
&c. (God bleſſe us) which they conſter,
The brand upon the buttock of the Beaſt,
The Dragons tail ti'd on a knot, a neaſt
Of young *Apocryphaes*, the faſhion
Of a new mentall Reſervation.
While *Roger* thus divides the text, the other
Winks and expounds, ſaying, My pious brother,
Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I faſted twice,
And ſo by revelation know it better
Than all the learn'd Idolaters o'th' Letter.
With that he ſwell'd, and fell upon the Theam,
Like great *Goliah* with his Weavers beam:
I ſay to thee, *&c.* thou li'ſt,
Thou art the curled lock of Antichriſt:
Rubbiſh of *Babell*, for who will not ſay
Tongues were confounded in *&c*?
Who ſwears *&c.* ſwears more oathes at once
Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce:
Who views it well, with the ſame eye beholds
The old half Serpent in his numerous foulds.
Accurſt *&c.* thou, for now I ſcent
What lately the prodigious Oyſters meant,
Oh *Booker*, *Booker*, how cam'ſt thou to lack
This ſigne in thy prophetick Almanack?
It's the dark Vault wherein th'infernall plot
Of Powder 'gainſt the State was firſt begot.
Peruſe the Oath, and you ſhall ſoon deſcry it,
By all the Father *Garnets* that ſtand by it;

'Gainſt

'Gainſt whom the Church, whereof I am a Member,
Shall keep another fifth day of *November*.
Yet here's not all, I cannot half untruſſe
&c. it's ſo abominous.
The *Trojan* Nag was not ſo fully lin'd,
Unrip *&c.* and you ſhall find
Og the great Commiſſary, and which is worſe,
Th'Apparatour upon his skew-bal'd horſe.
Then (finally my Babe of Grace) forbear,
&c. will be too farre to ſwear;
For 'tis (to ſpeak in a familiar ſtile),
A *York-ſhire* wea-bit, longer than a mile.
Then *Roger* was inſpir'd, and by Gods-diggers,
Hee'l ſwear in words at large, and not in figures.
Now by this drink, which he takes off as loth
To leave *&c.* in his liquid Oath.
His brother pledg'd him, and that bloudy wine,
He ſwears ſhall ſeal the Synods *Cataline*.
So they drunk on, not offering to part
Till they had quite ſworn out th'eleventh quart:
While all that ſaw and heard them, joyntly pray,
They and their tribe were all, *&c.*

SMECTYMNUUS; or *the* CLUB-DIVINES.

S*Mectymnuus*! the Goblin makes me ſtart,
I'th' Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art?
Syriack!

Syriack? or *Arabick*? or *Welch*? what skilt?
Ap all the Bricklayers that *Babell* built,
Some Conjurer transſlate, and let me know it,
Till then 'tis fit for a Weſt-ſaxon Poet.
But do the brother-hood then play their prizes,
Like Mummers in Religion with diſguiſes?
Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File,
A name, which if 'twere train'd would ſpread a mile;
The Saints monopoly, the zealous cluſter,
Which like a Porcupine preſents a muſter,
And ſhoots his quills at Biſhops and their ſeas,
A Devout litter of young *Maccabees*.
Thus Jack of all trades hath devoutly ſhown
The twelve Apoſtles on a cherry-ſtone.
Thus faction's All-a-Mode in treaſons faſhion;
Now we have hereſie by Complication.
Like to *Don Quixots* Roſary of ſlaves
Strung on a chain; a Murnival of knaves
Packt in a trick, like Gypſies when they ride,
Or like Colleagues, which ſit all of a ſide:
So the vain ſatyriſts ſtand all arow;
As hallow teeth upon a Lute-ſtring ſhow.
Th'*Italian* Monſter pregnant with his Brother,
Natures *Diæreſis*, half one another,
He, with his little ſides-man *Lazarus*,
Muſt both give way unto *Smectymnuus*.
Next *Sturbridge Fair* is *Smecks*; for lo his ſide
Into a five-fold *Lazar's* multipli'd.
Under each arm there's tuckt a double gyſſard,
Five faces lurk under one ſingle vizard.

The

The whore of *Babylon* left these brats behind,
Heirs of confusion by *Gavel kind*.
I think *Pythagoras*'s soul is rambl'd hither,
With all the change of Raiment on together:
Smec is her generall Ward-robe, shee'l not dare
To think of him as of a thorough-fare;
He stops the Gossiping Dame; alone he is
The purlew of a *Metempsuchosis*.
Like a Scotch Mark, where the more modest sense
Checks the loud phrase, and shrinks to 13. pence:
Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whose flame,
Though sometimes tripartite, joynes in the same:
Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly spell'd,
Into one man are monosyllabel'd.
Short-handed zeal in one hath cramped many,
Like to the Decalogue in a single penny.
See, see, how close the curs hunt under sheet,
As if they spent in Quire, and scann'd their feet;
One Cure and five Incumbents leap a truss:
The title sure must be litigious.
The *Sadduces* would raise a question,
Who must be *Smec* at the Resurrection.
Who coop'd them up together were to blame,
Had they but wire-drawn, and spun out their name,
'Twould make another Prentices Petition
Against the Bishops and their superstition.
Robson and *French* (that count from five to five,
As far as nature fingers did contrive,
She saw they would be sessers, that's the cause
She cleft her hoof into so many clawes.)

May

May tire their carret bunch, yet ne're agree
To rate *Smectymnuus* for Pole-mony.
Caligula, whose pride was mankinds bail,
As who disdain'd to murther by retail;
Wishing the world had but one generall neck,
His glutton blade might have found game in *Smeck*.
No eccho can improve the Author more,
Whose lungs pay use on use to half a score.
No Fellon is more letter'd, though the brand
Both superscribes his shoulder and his hand.
Some Welch man was his Godfather, for he
Weares in his name his Genealogy.
The Banes are ask'd, would but the time give way,
Betwixt *Smectymnuus* and *Et catera*.
The Guests invited by a friendly summons,
Should be the Convocation and the Commons;
The Priest to tye the Foxes tayles together,
Mosely, or *Sancta Clara*, chuse you whether,
See, what an off-spring every one expects!
What strange pluralities of men and sects?
One sayes hee'l get a Vestery, another
Is for a Synod: Bet upon the mother:
Faith cry St. *George*, let them go to't and stickle,
Whether a Conclave or a Conventicle.
Thus might religions catterwaul, and spight,
Which uses to divorce might once unite.
But their crosse fortunes interdict their trade,
The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride displai'd.
My task is done, all my hee-Goats are milkt,
So many cards i'th' stock, and yet be bilkt?

I could by letters now untwist the rabble,
Whip *Smec* from Constable to Constable.
But there I leave you to another dressing,
Onely kneel down and take your fathers blessing.
May the *Queen-Mother* justifie your fears,
And stretch her Patent to your leather ears.

The mixt Assembly.

FLea-bitten Synod; an Assembly brew'd
Of Clerks and Elders, *ana*, like the rude
Chaos of Presbyt'ry, where Lay-men guide
With the tame wool pack Clergy by their side:
Who ask'd the Banes 'twixt these discolour'd mates?
A strange Grotesco this, the Church and States
Most divine tick tack in a pie-bald crew,
To serve as table-men of divers hue.
She that conceiv'd an *Æthiopian* heir
By picture, when the parents both were fair,
At sight of you had born a dappled Son,
You checquering her imagination.
Had *Jacobs* flock but seen you sit, the dams
Had brought forth speckled & ring-streaked lambs.
Like an Impropriators Motley kind,
Whose Scarlet Coat is with a Cassock lin'd,
Like the Lay-thief in a Canonick weed,
Sure of his Clergy e're he did the deed.
Like *Royston* crowes, who are (as I may say)
Friers of both the Orders, *Black* and *Grey*.

So

So mixt they are, one knows not whether's thicker,
A Layre of *Burgesse* or a Layre of *Vicar*.
Have they usurp'd what Royall *Judah* had?
And now must *Levi* too part stakes with *Gad*?
The Scepter and the Crosier are the crutches,
Which if not trusted in their pious clutches,
Will fail the Cripple state. And wer't not pity
But both should serve the yardwand of the City?
That *Isaac* might stroak his beard, and sit
Judge of *εἰς ἄδυ* and *Elegerit*.
Oh that they were in chalk and charcoal drawn!
The Miscelany satyr, and the fawn,
And all the Adulteries of twisted nature,
But faintly represent this ridling feature,
Whose members being not tallies, they'l not own
Their fellowes at their Resurrection:
Strange scarlet Doctours these, they'l passe in story
For sinners half refin'd in Purgatory;
Or parboyl'd Lobsters, where there joyntly rules
The fading sables, and the coming gules:
The flea that *Falstaff* damn'd, thus lewdly showes
Tormented in the flames of *Bardolphs* Nose,
Like him that wore the Dialogue of Cloaks,
This shoulder *John-a-stiles*, that *John-a-Nokes*.
Like Jewes and Christians in a ship together,
With an old Neck-verse to distinguish either,
Like their intended Discipline to boot,
Or whatsoe're hath neither head nor foot:
Such may their stript-stuff hangings seem to be,
Sacriledge matcht with Codpiece symony:

Be

Be ſick and dream a little, you may then
Phanſie theſe Linſie-Woolſie Veſtry men.
Forbear good *Pembrook*, be not over-daring,
Such company may chance to ſpoil thy ſwearing:
And theſe Drum-Major oaths of bulk unruly,
May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.
He that the Noble *Piercies* bloud inherits,
Will he ſtrike up a *Hot-ſpur* of the ſpirits?
Hee'l fright the *Obadiah* out of tune,
With his uncircumciſed *Algernoon*:
A name ſo ſtubborn, 'tis not to be ſcan'd
By him in *Gath* with the ſix finger'd hand.
See, they obey the Magick of my words:
Preſto, they'r gone, and now the houſe of Lords
Looks like the wither'd face of an old hagg,
But with three teeth like to a triple gagg.
A Jig, a Jig, and in this antick dance
Fielding and doxy *Marſhall* firſt advance,
Twiſſe blows the Scotch pipes, and the loving brace
Puts on the traces and treades cinque-a-pace.
Then *Say* and *Seal* muſt his old hamſtrings ſupple,
And he and rumpled *Palmer* makes a couple.
Palmer's a fruitfull girle, if hee'l unfold her,
The Midwife may find work about her ſhoulder:
Kimbolton that rebellious *Boanerges*,
Muſt be content to ſaddle Doctor *Burges*:
If *Burges* get a clap 'tis ne'e the worſe,
But the fifth time of his Compurgators.
Nol Bowls is coy, good ſadneſſe cannot dance,
But in obedience to the Ordinance.

Here

Here *Wharton* wheels about, till *Mumping Liddy*,
Like the full Moon, hath made his Lordſhip giddy.
Pym and the *Members* muſt their giblets levy,
T'incounter Madam *Smec* that ſingle Bevy.
If they two truck together, 'twill not be
A Child-birth, but a Gaol-delivery.
Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,
But *Selden*, hee's a Galliard by himſelf,
And well may be, there's more Divines in him
Than in all this their Jewiſh *Sanhedrim*:
Whoſe Canons in the forge ſhall then bear date
When Mules their Coſin Germans generate.
Thus *Moſes* Law is violated now,
The Ox and Aſſe go yoak'd in the ſame plough,
Reſign thy Coach-box *Twiſſe*, *Brook's* Preacher, he
Would ſort the beaſts with more conformity,
Water and earth make but one Globe, a Round head
Is Clergy lay, *Party-per-pale* compounded.

The Kings diſguiſe,

AND why a Tenant to this vile diſguiſe, (eyes?
Which who but ſees, blaſphemes thee with his
My twins of light within their penthouſe ſhrink,
And hold it their Allegiance now to wink.
Oh for a ſtate-diſtinction to arraign
Charles of high Treaſon 'gainſt my Soveraign.
What an uſurper to his Prince is wont,
Cloyſter and ſhave him, he himſelf hath don't.

His muffled feature ſpeaks him a recluſe,
His ruines prove him a religious houſe.
The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp,
And Majeſty defac'd the Royall ſtamp.
It's not enough thy Dignitie's in thrall,
But thou'lt tranſmute it in thy ſhape and all?
As if thy blacks were of too taint a die,
Without the tincture of Tautology.
Flay an Ægyptian for his Caſſock skin,
Spun of his Countries darkneſſe, line't within
With Presbyterian budge, that drowſie trance,
The Synod fable, foggy ignorance:
Nor bodily, nor ghoſtly Negro could
Rough-caſt thy figure in a ſadder mould:
This Privy-Chamber of thy ſhape would be
But the cloſe-mourner of thy Royalty:
'Twill break the circle of thy Jaylors ſpell,
A Pearl within a rugged Oyſters ſhell.
Heaven, which the Minſter of thy perſon owns,
Will fine thee for Dilapidations:
Like to the martyr'd Abbeys courſer doome,
Devoutly alter'd to a Pidgeon-room:
Or like the Colledge by the changeling rabble,
Manchesters Elves, transform'd into a ſtable.
Or if there be a prophanation higher,
Such is the Sacriledge of thine attire.
By which th'art half depos'd: thou lookſt like one
Whoſe looks are under ſequeſtration.
Whoſe Renegado form, at the firſt glance,
Shewes like the ſelf-denying Ordinance.

Angel

Angel of light, and darkneſſe too, I doubt,
Inſpir'd within, and yet poſſeſs'd without:
Majeſtick twi-light in the ſtate of grace,
Yet with an excommunicated face.
Charles and his Mask are of a different Mint,
A Pſalm of mercy in a miſcreant print.
The Sun weares mid-night, day is beetle-brow'd,
And lightning is in Kelder of a cloud.
Oh the accurſt Stenography of fate!
The Princely Eagle ſhrunk into a Bat.
What charm, what Magick vapour can it be,
That ſhrinks his rayes to this Apoſtaſie?
It is ſubtile film of tiffany air,
No cob-web vizard, ſuch as Ladies wear,
When they are veil'd on purpoſe to be ſeen,
Doubling their luſtre by their vanquiſh'd skreen:
Nor the falſe ſcabbard of a Princes tough
Metal, and three-pil'd darkneſſe, like the ſlough
Of an impriſon'd flame: 'tis *Faux* in grain,
Dark Lanthorn to our high Meridian.
Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick-caſtle*-Vote
Rang *Britaines* Curfeu, ſo our light went out.
Thy viſage is not legible, the letters,
Like a Lords name writ in phantaſtick fetters:
Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick:
Sure they would fit the body Politick.
Falſe beard enough to fit a ſtages plot,
For that's the ambuſh of their wit, God wot.
Nay all his properties ſo ſtrange appear,
Y'are not i'th' preſence, though the King be there.

A Libel is his dreſſe, a garb uncouth,
Such as the *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth.
Scribling aſſaſſinate, thy lines atteſt
An ear-mark due, Cub of the Blatant beaſt,
Whoſe wrath before 'tis ſyllabled for worſe,
Is blaſphemy unfledg'd, a callow curſe.
The Laplanders, when they would ſell a wind
Wafting to hell, bag up thy phraſe, and bind
It to the barque, which at the voyage end
Shifts Poop, and breeds the Collick in the fiend.
But I'le not dub thee with a glorious ſcar,
Nor ſink thy skullar with a man of War.
The black-mouth'd *Siquis*, and this ſlandering ſuit,
Both doe alike in picture execute.
But ſince we're all call'd Papiſts, why not date
Devotion to the rags thus conſecrate?
As temples uſe to have their Porches wrought
With Sphynxes, creatures of an antick draught,
And puzling Pourtraictures, to ſhew that there
Riddles inhabited, the like is here.

But pardon Sir, ſince I preſume to be
Clark of this Cloſet to your Majeſty;
Me thinks in this your dark miſterious dreſs
I ſee the Goſpel coucht in parables.
At my next view my pur-blind fancy ripes,
And ſhews Religion in it's dusky types.
Such a Text Royall, ſo obſcure a ſhade,
Was *Solomon* in proverbs all array'd.

Come all the brats of this expounding age,
To whom the ſpirit is in pupillage;

You

You that damn more than ever *Sampſon* ſlew,
And with his engine the ſame jaw-bone too:
How is't he ſcapes your Inquiſition free,
Since bound up in the Bibles livery?
Hence Cabinet-intruders, Pick-locks hence,
You that dim Jewels with your Briſtol-ſence:
And Characters, like Witches ſo torment,
Till they confeſſe a guilt, though innocent.
Keys for this Coffer you can never get,
None but St. *Peters* ope's this Cabinet.
This Cabinet, whoſe aſpect would benight
Critick ſpectators with redundant light.
A Prince moſt ſeen, is leaſt: What Scriptures call
The Revelation, is moſt myſtical.

Mount then thou Shadow royall, and with haſt
Advance thy morning ſtar, *Charl's* overcaſt.
May thy ſtrange journey contradictions twiſt
And force faire weather from a Scottiſh miſt;
Heavens Confeſſor's are pos'd, thoſe ſtar-ey'd ſages
To interpret Eclipſe, thus riding ſtages.
Thus *Iſrael*-like, he travels with a cloud,
Both as a conduct to him and a ſhroud.
But oh! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renewes
A league with mouldy bread, and clouted ſhooes.

The Rebell SCOT.

HOw! Providence! and yet a Scottiſh crew!
Then Madam nature wears black patches too?

What shall our Nation be in bondage thus
Unto a Land that truckles under us?
Ring the bells backward, I am all on fire,
Not all the buckets in a Country Quire
Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be fear'd
When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appease
To see his Countrey, sick of *Pym*'s disease,
By Scotch invasion to be made a prey
To such *Pig wiggin Myrmidons* as they?
But that there's charm in verse, I would not quote
The name of *Scot* without an antidote;
Unless my head were red, that I might brew
Invention there that might be poison too.
Were I a drowsie Judge, whose dismal note
Disgorgeth halters as a Juglers throat
Doth ribbands: could I (in Sir Emp'rick's tone)
Speak Pills in phrase, and quack destruction:
Or roar like *Marshall* that *Geneva* Bull,
Hell and damnation a Pulpit full:
Yet to expresse a *Scot*, to play that prize,
Not all those mouth-Granadoes can suffice.
Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,
I must (like *Hocas*) swallow daggers first.

Come keen *Iambicks* with your badgers feet,
And Badger-like, bite till your feet do meet.
Help ye tart Satyrists to imp my rage,
With all the Scorpions that should whip this age.
Scots are like Witches; do but whet your pen,
Scratch till the bloud come, they'l not hurt you then.

Now

Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
The ſhapes of beaſts, like hypocrites at ſtake,
I'le bait my *Scot* ſo, yet not cheat your eyes;
A *Scot* within a beaſt is no diſguiſe.
No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmleſſe Nation
Foſters no Venom, ſince the *Scots* plantation:
Nor can ours feign'd antiquity maintain;
Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.
The *Scot* that kept the Tower, might have ſhown
(Within the grate of his own breſt alone)
The Leopard and the Panther, and ingroſt
What all thoſe wild Collegiats had coſt
The honeſt high-ſhoes in their termly fees,
Firſt to the ſalvage Lawyer, next to theſe.
Nature her ſelf doth Scotch-men beaſts confeſſe,
Making their Countrey ſuch a wilderneſſe:
A Land that brings in queſtion and ſuſpence
Gods omni-preſence, but that *Charles* came thence:
But that *Montroſe* and *Crawfords* loyal band
Atton'd their ſins, and chriſt'ned half the Land,
Nor is it all the Nation hath theſe ſpots;
There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of Scots:
As in a picture where the ſquinting paint
Shews fiend on this ſide, and on that ſide ſaint.
He that ſaw Hell in's melancholy dream,
And in the twi-light of his fancy's theam,
Scar'd from his ſins repented in a fright,
Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Proſelyte.
A Land, where one may pray with curſt intent,
O may they never ſuffer baniſhment!

Had *Cain* bin *Scot*, *God* would have chang'd his *doom*,
Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home.
Like Jews they spread, and as infection fly,
As if the Devil had Ubiquity.
Hence tis they live at Rovers, and defie
This or that place, rags of Geography.
They're Citizens o'th' world; they're all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.
And yet they ramble not, to learn the mode
How to be dreſt or how to liſp abroad;
To return knowing in the Spaniſh ſhrug,
Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug
Reſembles moſt, in belly, or in beard;
(The Card by which the Mariners are ſteer'd.)
No; the *Scots-Errant* fight, and fight to eat;
Their *Eſtrich ſtomacks* make their *ſwords* their *meat*:
Nature with *Scots*, as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who uſe to hang their teeth upon their belt.
Yet wonder not at this their happy choiſe;
The Serpent's fatall ſtill to *Paradiſe*.
Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and theſe
On the North poſture of the patient ſeize
Like Leeches, thus they Phyſically thirſt
After our bloud, but in the cure ſhall burſt.
Let them not think to make us run o'th ſcore,
To purchaſe villanage as once before,
When an Act paſs'd to ſtroak them on the Head,
Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.
Nor Gold, nor Acts of grace, 'tis Steel muſt tame
The ſtubborn *Scot*: a Prince that would reclaim

Rebels

Rebels by yielding, doth like him, (or worse)
Who sadled his own back, to shame his horse.
Was it for this you left your leaner soil,
Thus to lard *Israel* with *Ægypts* spoil?
They are the Gospel Life-guard, but for them
The Garrison of new *Jerusalem*:
What would the Brethren do? the cause! the cause!
Sack possets and the fundamentall Laws!
Lord! what a goodly thing is want of shirts!
How a Scotch-stomack, and no meat, converts!
They wanted food, and raiment; so they took
Religion for their Seamstresse, and their Cook.
Unmask them well; their honours and estate,
As well as conscience are sophisticate.
Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,
A Laird and twenty pounds pronounc'd with noise,
When construe'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good sober two-pence, and well so.
Hence then you proud Impostors, get you gone,
You Picts in Gentry and devotion;
You scandal to the stock of Verse, a race
Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace.
Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.
The Indian, that heaven did forswear,
Because he heard the Spaniards were there,
Had he but known what *Scots* in hell had been,
He would *Erasmus*-like have hung between:
My Muse hath done. A voider for the nonce;
I wrong the Devil should I pick their bones.

That

That dish is his; for when the *Scots* decease,
Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got loose,
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Soland-Goose.

The Scots Apostasie.

IS't come to this? what shall the cheeks of fame,
Stretcht with the breath of learned *Lowdons* name,
Be flag'd again? and that great piece of sense,
As rich in Loyalty and Eloquence,
Brought to the Test, be found a trick of State?
Like Chymists tinctures, prov'd adulterate?
The devil sure, such language did atchieve,
To cheat our un-fore-warned Grandam *Eve*,
As this impostour found out, to besot
Th'experienc'd *English* to believe a *Scot*.
Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtfull sence?
The Commons argument, or the Cities pence?
Or did you doubt persistance in one good
Would spoil the fabrick of your brotherhood,
Projected first in such a forge of sinne,
Was fit for the grand devils hammering?
Or was't ambition that this damned fact
Should tell the world you know the sins you act?
The infamy this super-treason brings
Blasts more than murders of your *sixty Kings*;
A crime so black, as being advis'dly done,
Those hold with these no competition.

Kings

Kings onely suffer'd then ; in this doth lie
Th'Assassination of *Monarchy*.
Beyond this sin no one step can be trod,
If not t'attempt deposing of your God.
Oh were you so ingag'd, that we might see
Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to flee,
Till you were shrivel'd to dust ; and your cold Land
Parcht to a drought beyond the *Lybian* sand !
But 'tis reserv'd, till heaven plague you worse:
Be Objects of an Epidemick curse.
First, may your brethren, to whose viler ends
Your power hath bawded, cease to count you friends;
And prompted by the dictate of their reason,
Reproach the *Traytors* though they hug the *Treason*.
And may their jealousies increase and breed,
Till they confine your steps beyond the *Tweed*.
In forrain Nations may your loath'd name be
A stigmatizing brand of infamy ;
Till forc'd by generall hate, you cease to rome
The world, and for a plague to live at home :
Till you resume your poverty, and be
Reduc'd to beg where none can be so free
To grant ; and may your scabby Land be all
Translated to a generall Hospitall.
Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,
To give you comfort of a Summers day ;
But, as a guerdon for your traitorous war,
Live cherish'd onely by the Northern star.
No stranger deign to visit your rude coast,
And be, to all but banisht men, as lost.

And such in heightning of the infliction due,
Let provok'd Princes send them all to you.
Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
But power, your lives and liberties may aw.
No Subject 'mongst you keep a quiet breast,
But each man strive through bloud to be the best;
Till, for those miseries on us you've brought,
By your own sword our just revenge be wrought.
To sum up all------let your *Religion* be,
As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocrisie:
Until, when *Charls* shall be compos'd in dust,
Perfum'd with Epithetes of *good* and *just*;
HE sav'd, incensed heaven may have forgot
T'afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*,
Unless that *Scot* deny himself, and do
(What's easier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

Rupertissimus.

O That I could but vote my self a Poet!
Or had the Legislative knack to do it!
Or like the Doctors militant, could get
Dub'd at adventurers Verser Banneret!
Or had I *Cacus* trick, to make my rimes
Their own Antipodes and track the times:
Faces about, sayes the *Remonstrant* spirit,
Allegiance is Malignant, Treason Merit:
Huntington colt, that pos'd the sage Recorder
Might be a sturgeon now, and passe by Order.

Had

Had I but *Elfings* gift (that ſplay-mouth'd brother)
That declares one way, and yet means another;
Could I but write a-ſquint; then (Sir) long ſince
You had been ſung, *A great and glorious Prince.*
I had obſerv'd the language of the dayes;
Blaſphem'd you, and then perewig'd the phraſe
With humble ſervice, and ſuch other Fuſtian,
Bells which ring backward in this great combuſtion.
I had revil'd you, and without offence,
The Litterall, and *Equitable Sence*
Would make it good: when all fails that will do't:
Sure that diſtinction cleft the Devils foot.
This were my Dialect, would your Highneſſe pleaſe
To read me but with Hebrew ſpectacles;
Interpret Counter, what is croſſe rehears'd:
Libels are commendations when revers'd.
Juſt as an Optique glaſſe contracts the ſight
At one end, but when turn'd, doth multiply't.
But you're inchanted, Sir, your doubly free
From the great guns and ſquibbing Poetry:
Who neither *Bilbo*, nor invention pierces,
Proof even 'gainſt th' artillery of Verſes.
Strange! that the Muſes cannot wound your Mail;
If not their art, yet let their ſex prevail.
At that known Leaguer, where the bonny *Beſſes*
Suppli'd the bow-ſtrings with their twiſted treſſes.
Your ſpels could ne're have fenc'd you: ev'ry arrow
Had lanc'd your noble breaſt, and drunk the marrow:
For beauty like white powder makes no noiſe;
And yet the ſilent hypocrite deſtroyes.

Then

Then use the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
Lest *Wharton* tell his Gossips of the City,
That you kill women too; nay maids, and such
Their *Generall* wants *Militia* to touch.
Impotent *Essex*, is it not a shame,
Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkish Dame*,
Should have an *Eunuch* Guardian? may she be
Ravish'd by *Charles*, rather then sav'd by thee.
But why, my Muse, like a green-sickness Girl,
Feed'st thou on coals and dirt? a gelding Earl
Gives no more relish to thy female palat,
Than to that Asse did once the thistle sallat.
Then quit the barren theme; and all at once
Thou and thy sisters, like bright *Amazons*,
Give *Rupert* an alarum. *Rupert*! one
Whose name is wits Superfœtation:
Makes fancy, like eternities round womb,
Unite all valour, present, past, to come.
He, who the old Philosophy controuls,
That voted down plurality of souls:
He breaths a grand Committee; all that were
The wonders of their age, constellate here.
And as the elder sisters, growth and sence,
(Souls paramount themselves) in man commence
But faculty of reasons Queen, no more
Are they to him, who were compleat before;
Ingredients of his vertue. Thread the beads
Of *Cæsars* acts, great *Pompeys*, and the *Sweads*:
And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Ruperts* hand,
By which that vast triumvirat is span'd.

Here,

Here, here is Palmestry; here you may read
How long the world shall live, & when't shall bleed.
Whatever man winds up, that *Rupert* hath;
For nature rais'd him of the *Publick Faith*,
Pandora's brother, to make up whose store,
The Gods were fain to run upon the score.
Such was the Painters Brieve for *Venus* face,
Item an eye from *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*.
Let *Isaac* and his Citts flay off the plate
That tips their Antlers for the calf of State;
Let the zeal-twanging nose that wants a ridge,
Snuffling devoutly, drop his silver bridge:
Yes, and the gossip spoon augment the sum,
Although poor *Caleb* lose his Christendome:
Rupert out-weighs that in his sterling self,
Which their self wants paies in commuting pelf.
Pardon, great Sir; for that ignoble crew
Gains, when made bankrupt in the scales with you.
As he whom in his Character of light
Stil'd it *Gods shadow*, made it far more bright
By an Eclipse so glorious: light is dim,
And a black nothing when compar'd to him:
So 'tis illustrious to be *Ruperts* foile,
And a just trophee to be made his spoil.
I'le pin my faith on the *Diurnals* sleeve
Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed believe;
The Conquests which the Common-Councel hears
With their wide list'ning mouth from the great Peers
That ran away in triumph: such a foe
Can make them victors in their overthrow,

Where

Where providence and valour meet in one,
Courage so poiz'd with circumspection,
That he revives the quarrel once again
Of the souls throne, whether in heart or brain:
And leaves it a drawn match: whose fervor can
Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a man
His trumpet, like the Angels at the last,
Makes the soul rise by a miraculous blast.
'Twas the mount *Athos* carv'd in shape of man
(As 'twas defin'd by th' *Macedonian*)
Whose right hand should a populous Land contain,
The left should be a channel to the Main:
His spirit might inform th'amphibious figure,
Yet strait-lac'd sweats for a Dominion bigger:
The terror of whose name can out of seven
(Like *Falstaffe's* Buckram-men) make fly eleven,
Thus some grow rich by breaking: Vipers thus
By being slain, are made more numerous.
No wonder they'l confesse no losse of men,
For *Rupert* knocks 'em, till they gig agen.
They fear the giblets of his train, they fear
Even his Dog, that four leg'd *Cavalier*:
He that devoures the scraps which *Lunsford* makes,
Whose picture feeds upon a child in flakes:
Who name but *Charles*, he comes aloft for him,
But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pym*.
'Gainst whom they have severall Articles in souse:
First that he barks against the sense o'th' House,
Resolv'd Delinquent, to the Tower straight,
Either to th' Lions, or the Bishops Grate:

Next

Next, for his ceremonious wag o'th' tail,
But there the ſiſterhood will be his bail
At leaſt the Counteſſe will, *Luſt's Amſterdam*,
That lets in all religions of the game.
Thirdly, he ſmels intelligence, that's better,
And cheaper too, than *Pym*'s from his own Letter:
Who's doubly paid (fortune, or we the blinder?)
For making plots, and then for For the finder.
Laſtly, he is a Devil without doubt;
For when he would lye down, he wheels about;
Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,
And therefore ſcore up one for conjuring. (ter
What canſt thou ſay, thou wretch? O Quarter, quar-
I'me but an inſtrument, a mere S. *Arthur*,
If I muſt hang, O let not our fates vary,
Whoſe office 'tis alike, to fetch and carry.
No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous ſtir
That ſtrung the Jeſuit, will diſpatch a cur.
Were I a Devil, as the Rebel feares,
I ſee the houſe would try me by my Peers.
There *Jowler*, there! ah *Jowler*! 'ſt 'tis nought,
What are the accuſers cry, they're at a fault;
And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to ſay,
Than when the glorious *Strafford* ſtood at Bay.
Thus Labels but annext to him we ſee,
Enjoy a copyhold of victory.
S. *Peters* ſhadow heal'd; *Rupert* is ſuch,
Twould find S. *Peters* work, yet wound as much:
He gags their guns, diſeares their dire intent,
The Canons do but liſp and complement.

Sure *Jove* descended in a leaden shower
To get his *Perseus*: hence the fatall power
Of shot is strangled: bullets thus alli'd,
Fear to commit an act of Parricide.
Go on brave Prince, and make the world confesse,
Thou art the greater world and that the lesse,
Scatter th'accumulative King, untrusse
That five-fold fiend, the States *Smectymnuus*;
Who place Religion in their Vellam-ears,
As in their Phylacters the Jews did theirs.
England's a Paradise (and a modest word)
Since guarded by a Cherubs flaming sword.
Your name can scare an Atheist to his prayers;
And cure the Chin cough better then the Bears.
Old *Sibyl* charms the Tooth-ach with you: *Nurse*
Makes you still children; and the pond'rous curse
The clowns salute with, is deriv'd from you,
(*Now* Rupert *take thee*, *Rogue*, *how dost thou do?*)
In fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders so,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

Epitaph on the Earle of STRAFFORD.

HEre lies wise and valiant dust,
Huddled up 'twixt fit and just:
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt treason and convenience.

He

He ſpent his time here in a miſt,
A *Papiſt*, yet *a Calviniſt*.
His Prince's neareſt joy and Grief,
He had, yet wanted, all relief:
The Prop and Ruine of the State,
The peoples violent love and hate.
One in extreams lov'd and abhord.
Riddles lie here, and in a word,
Here lies bloud, and let it lie
Speechleſſe ſtill, and never cry.

Epitaphium *Thomæ* Comitis *Straffordii* &c.

EXurge Cinis, tumque, ſolus qui potis es, ſcribe Epitaphium.
Nequit Wentworthi *non eſſe facundus vel* Cinis.
Effare Marmor: & quem cepiſti comprehendere,
Macte & Exprimere
Candidius meretur urna, quàm quod rubris
Notatum eſt literis, Elogium.
Atlas *Regiminis Monarchici hic jacet laſſus:*
Secunda Orbis Britannici *intelligentia:*
Rex Politiæ, & Prorex Hiberniæ;
Straffordii, *& Virtutum Comes:*
Mens Jovis, *Mercurii ingenium, & lingua* Apollinis:
Cui Anglia Hiberniam *debuit, ſeipſam* Hibernia:
Sydus Aquilonicum; quo ſub rubicundâ veſpera occidente,
Nox ſimul & dies viſa eſt: dextroque oculo flevit,
Lævóque lætata eſt Anglia.
Theatrum Honoris, itemque Scena calamitoſa Virtutis,
Actoribus, morbo, morte, & invidiâ,
Quæ ternis animoſa Regnis, non vicit tamen,
Sed oppreſſit.

Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) Caput
Bellua (vel sic) multorum Capitum.
Merces furoris Scotici, praeter pecunias.
Erubuit ut tetigit securis,
Similem quippe nunquam degustavit sanguinem.
Monstrum narro: fuit tam infensus Legibus,
Ut prius Legem quàm natus foret, violavit.
Hunc tamen non sustulit Lex,
Verum necessitas, non habens Legem.
Abi viator, cætera memorabunt posteri.

On the Arch-Bishob of CANTERBURY.

I Need no Muse to give my passion vent,
He brews his tears that studies to lament.
Verse chimically weeps, that pious rain
Distill'd with art, is but the sweat o'th' brain,
Who ever sob'd in numbers? can a groan
Be quaver'd out by soft division?
'Tis true, for common formall Elegies,
Not *Bushels* Wells can match a Poets eyes:
In wanton water-works hee'l tune his tears
From a *Geneva* Jig up to the spheares,
But when he mourns at distance, weeps aloof,
Now that the Conduit head is our own roof,
Now that the fate is publick, we may call
It *Britains* Vespers, *Englands* Funerall.
Who hath a Pensil to expresse the Saint,
But he hath eyes too, washing off the paint?

Then

There is no learning but what tears surround,
Like to *Seths* Pillars in the deluge drown'd.
There is no Church, Religion is grown
From much of late, that shees increast to none:
Like an Hydropick body full of Rheumes,
First swells into a bubble, then consumes.
The Law is dead, or cast into a trance,
And by a Law-dough-bak'd, an Ordinance.
The *Liturgy* whose doom was voted next,
Dy'd as a Comment upon him the Text,
There's nothing lives: life is, since he is gone,
But a Nocturnal Lucubration.
Thus have you seen deaths inventory read
In the Sum totall---*Canterburie's dead.*
A sight would make a Pagan to baptize
Himself a Convert in his bleeding eyes.
Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beast of ours,
(That which *Hyena*-like weeps and devours)
Tears that flow blackish from their souls within,
Not to repent, but pickle up their sin.
Mean time no squalid grief his look defiles,
He guilds his sadder fate with noble smiles.
Thus the worlds eye with reconciled streams
Shines in his showers as if he wept his beames.
How could succesſe such villanies applaud?
The State in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Laud*:
The twins of publick rage adjudg'd to die,
For treasons they should act by Prophecy.
The Facts were done before the Laws were made,
The trump turn'd up after the game was plaid.

Be dull great spirits and forbear to climb,
For worth is sinne, and eminence a crime.
No Church-man can be innocent and high,
'Tis height makes *Grantham* steeple stand awry.

On *J. W.* A.B. of *York*.

SAy, my young Sophister, what thinkst of this?
Chimera's reall, *Ergo falleris*.
The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Goose agree,
And here concorp'rate in one Prodigie.
Call an *Haruspex* quickly: let him get
Sulphur and Torches, and a Lawrell wet
To purifie the place, for sure the harms
This Monster will produce, transcend his charms.
'Tis Natures Master-piece of error, this;
And redeems whatever she did amisse
Before, from wonder and reproach, this last
Legitimateth all her by-blows past.
Loe here a generall Metropolitan,
An arch-Prelatique Presbyterian,
Behold his pious Garb, Canonick face,
A zealous *Episco-Mastix* Grace;
A fair blew-Aprond Priest, a Lawn-sleev'd brother,
One Leg a Pulpit holds, a tub the other.
Lets give him a fit name now, if we can,
And make th'Apostate once more Christian.
Proteus we cannot call him; he put on
His change of shapes by a succession;

Not

Nor the *Welch-Weather-cock*; for that we find,
At once doth only wait upon the wind:
Theſe ſpeak him not, but if you'l name him right,
Call him *Religious Hermaphrodite.*
His head i'th ſanctified mould is caſt,
Yet ſticks th'abominable Miter faſt;
He ſtill retaines the *Lordſhip* and the *Grace*,
And yet hath got a reverend Elders place.
Such acts muſt needs be his, who did deviſe
By crying altars down to ſacrifice
To private malice; where you might have ſeen
His conſcience holocauſted to his ſpleen.
Unhappy Church! the Viper that did ſhare
Thy greateſt honours, helps to make thee bare,
And void of all thy dignities and ſtore;
Alas! thine own ſon proves the forreſt boar:
And like the Dam-deſtroying Cuccow he,
When the thick ſhell of his Welch pedigree,
By the warm ſoft'ring bounty did divide
And open, ſtraight thence ſprung forth parricide:
As if 'twas juſt revenge ſhould be diſpatcht
In thee, by th' Monſter which thy ſelf hadſt hatcht:
Deſpair not though, in *Wales* there may be got,
As well as *Lincolnſhire* an antidote,
'Gainſt the foul'ſt venome he can ſpit, though's head
Were chang'd from ſubtle gray to poys'nous red.
Heaven with propitious eyes will look upon
Our party, now the curſed thing is gone;
And chaſtiſe Rebels, who nought elſe did miſſe
To fill the meaſure of their ſins, but his;

Whose foul imparallel'd apostasie,
Like to his sacred character shall be
Indelible, when ages then of late
More happy grown with most impartiall fate,
A period to his dayes, and time shall give,
He by such Epitaphs as this shall live.

Here Yorks *great* Metropolitan *is laid*,
Who Gods Anointed, *and his* Church *betraid*.

Mark Anthony.

WHen as the Nightingale chanted her Vespers,
And the wild Forrester couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in the evening whispers,
Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd:
Where she before had sent
My wishes complement,
Unto my hearts content,
Plaid with me on the Green,
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Ægyptian Queen.

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,
Thence fear of surfeiting made me retire:

Next on her warmer lips, which when I taſted
My duller ſpirits made active as fire;
Then we began to dart
Each at anothers heart,
Arrowes that knew no ſmart:
Sweet lips and ſmiles between,
Never Mark, &c.

Wanting a glaſſe to plate her amber treſſes,
Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,
Gawdier then *Juno* weares when as ſhe graces
Jove with imbraces more ſtately then warm.
Then did ſhe peep in mine
Eyes humour Chriſtaline;
I in her eyes was ſeen,
As if we one had been.
Never Mark, &c.

Myſticall Grammar of amorous glances,
Feeling of Pulſes the Phyſick of Love,
Rhetoricall courtings, and Muſicall dances;
Numbring of kiſſes Arithmetick prove.
Eyes like Aſtronomy,
Streight limb'd Geometry:
In her hearts ingeny
Our wits are ſharp and keen.
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian Queen.

The Authors Mock-Song to Mark Anthony.

WHen as the *Night-raven* ſung *Pluto*'s *Mattins*:
And *Cerberus* cried three Amens at a howl,
When night-wandring Witches put on their pattins,
Mid-night as dark as their faces are foul:
Then did the furies doom
That the Night-mare was come;
Such a miſ-ſhapen Groom
Puts down *Su. Pomfret* clean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch ſuch a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gypſie Quean.

Firſt on her Goosberry cheeks I mine eyes blaſted,
Thence fear of vomiting made me retire:
Unto her blewer lips, which when I taſted,
My ſpirits were duller than Dun in the mire.
But then her breath took place,
Which went an Uſhers pace,
And made way for her face;
You may gueſſe what I mean,
Never did *Incubus*
Touch ſuch a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gypſie Quean.

Like ſnakes ingendring were platted her treſſes,
Or like-ſlimy ſtreaks of ropy ale;

Uglier

Uglier then Envy wears, when she confesses
Her head is periwig'd with adders tail.
But as soon as she spake,
I heard a harsh Mandrake:
Laugh not at my mistake,
Her head is Epicene.
Never did, &c.

Mysticall Magick of conjuring wrincles,
Feeling of pulses, the Palmestry of Hags,
Scolding out belches for *Rhetorick*, twincles
With three teeth in her head like to three gags.
Rainbows about her eyes,
And her nose weather-wise,
From them th'Almanack lies,
Frost, *Pond*, and *Rivers* clean.
Never did, &c.

How the COMMENCEMENT grows new.

IT is no *Curranto*-news I undertake,
New teacher of the Town, I mean not to make.
No *New England* voyage my Muse does intend,
No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bonny fleet send,
But if you'l be pleas'd to hear but this ditty,
I'le tell you some news as true and as witty;
And how the Commencement grows new.

See

See how the Symony Doctors abound,
All crowding to throw away fourty pound
They'l now in their wives ſtammell petticoats vaper,
Without any need of an argument draper,
Beholding to none he neither beſeeches,
This friend for Ven'ſon, nor tother for ſpeeches.
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

Every twice a day teaching Gaffer
Brings up his Eaſter book to chaffer,
Nay ſome take degrees who never had ſteeple,
Whoſe meanes like degrees comes from places of people
They come to the fair, and at the firſt pluck,
The Toll-man *Barnaby* ſtrikes 'um good luck.
And ſo, &c.

The Countrey Parſons they do not come up
On Tueſday night in their old Colledge to ſup,
Their bellies and table-books equally full,
The next Lecture dinner their notes forth to pull;
How bravely the *Margaret* Profeſſor diſputed,
The Homilies urg'd and the ſchool-men confuted.
And ſo, &c.

The Inceptor brings not his father, the clown,
To look with his mouth at his Grogoram gown,
With like admiration to eat roaſted beef,
Which invention pos'd his beyond-Trent-belief:
Who, ſhould he but hear our Organs once ſound,
Could ſcarce keep his hoof from Sallengers round.
And ſo, &c.

The

The Gentleman comes not to ſhew us his ſatin, (tin,
To look with ſome judgement at him that ſpeaks lat-
To be angry with him that makes not his cloaths,
To anſwer, O Lord Sir, and talk play-book oaths,
And at the next Bear-baiting (full of his ſack)
To tell his Comrades our diſciplin's ſlack.
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

We have no Prevaricators wit,
Ay marry Sir, when have you had any yet?
Beſides no ſerious Oxford man comes,
To cry down the uſe of Jeſting and hums.
Our ballad, believ't, is no ſtranger than true,
Mum Salter is ſober, and *Jack Martin* too,
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

The Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter.

With hair in Characters, and Lugs in text;
With a ſplay mouth and a noſe circumflext,
With a ſet ruffe of Musket bore, that wears
Like Cartrages, or linnen Bandileers,
Exhauſted of their ſulphurous contents:
In Pulpit fire-works, Which that Bomball vents;
The *Negative* and *covenanting* Oath,
Like two Muſtachoes, iſſuing from his mouth;

The

The bush upon his chin (like a carv'd story,
In a box knot) cut by the *Directory*;
Madams Confession hanging at his ear, (*Where*
Wire-drawn through all the questions, *How* and
Each circumstance so in the hearing felt,
That when his eares are cropt he'l count them gelt;
The weeping Cassock scar'd into a Jump,
A sign the *Presbyter*'s worn to the stump:
The *Presbyter* though charm'd against mischance
With the *Divine right* of an *Ordinance*.
If you meet any that doe thus attire 'em,
Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram.
What zealous frenzie did the *Senate* seize,
To tare the *Rotchet* to such rags as these?
Episcopacy minc'd, reforming *Tweed*
Hath sent us *Runts*, even of her Churches breed;
Lay-interlining *Clergy*, a device
Thats nick-name to the stuff call'd *Lops* and *Lice*.
The beast at wrong end branded, you may trace
The Devils foot-steps in his cloven face.
A face of severall parishes and sorts,
Like to a Sergeant shav'd at Inn's of Court.
What mean these Elders else, those Kirk Dragoons;
Made up of *Ears* and *Ruffes* like *Ducatoons*?
That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun,
Those new *Exchange men* of *Religion*?
Sure they're the *Antick heads*, which plac'd without
The Church, do gape and disembogue a spout:
Like them above the *Commons house* have been
So long without, now both are gotten in;

Then

Then, what imperious in the Bishop sounds,
The same the Scotch Executor rebounds.
This stating *Prelacy*, the *classick* rout,
That spake it often, e're it spake it out;
So by an Abbies Sceleton of late,
I heard an Eccho supererogate
Through imperfection, and the voice restore,
As if she had the hiccop o're and o're.
Since they our mixt Dioceſans combine
Thus to ride double in their Diſcipline,
That Pauls *ſhall to the* Conſiſtory *call*
A Dean *and* Chapter *out of* Weavers-Hall:
Each at the Ordinance for to aſſiſt
With the five thumbs *of his* groat-changing *fiſt.*
Down Dagon Synod *with thy motley ware,*
Whilſt we do ſwagger for the Common-Prayer,
That Dove-like Embaſſie, that wings our ſence
To heavens gate in ſhape of innocence.
Pray for the Miter'd Authors, and defie
Theſe Demicaſters *of Divinity.*
For where Sir John *with* Jack-*of-all trades joynes,*
His Finger's thicker than the Prelats *Loyns.*

The Antiplatonick.

FOr ſhame, thou everlaſting Woer,
Still ſaying grace, and never falling to her!
Love that's in contemplation plac't,
Is *Venus* drawn but to the waſt.

Unleſſe

Unleſſe your flame confeſſe it's gender,
And your Parley cauſe ſurrender,
Y'are Salamanders of a cold deſire,
That live untoucht amid the hotteſt fire.

What though ſhe be a Dame of ſtone,
The Widow of *Pigmalion*;
As hard and un-relenting ſhe,
As the new-cruſted *Niobe*;
Or what doth more of Statue carry,
A Nunne of the Platonick Quarry?
Love melts the rigour which the rocks have bred,
A flint will break upon a Feather-bed.

For ſhame you pretty Female Elves,
Ceaſe for to candy up your ſelves:
No more, you ſectaries of the Game,
No more of your calcining flame.
Women commence by *Cupids* Dart,
As a King hunting dubs a Hart,
Loves votaries inthrall each others ſoul,
Till both of them live but upon Paroll.

Vertues no more in Woman-kind
But the green ſickneſſe of the mind.
Philoſophy, their new delight,
A kind of Char-coal appetite.
There's no Sophiſtry prevails,
Where all-convincing love aſſails;

But the disputing petticoat will warp,
As skilfull gamsters are to seek at sharp.

The souldier that man of iron,
Whom ribs of *Horror* all inviron;
That's strung with Wire, instead of Veins,
In whose embraces you'r in chains,
Let a Magnetick girl appear,
Straight he turns *Cupids* Curiasier.
Love storms his lips, and takes the Fortresse in,
For all the brisled Turn-pikes of his chin.

Since Loves Artillery then checks
The breast-works of the firmest sex,
Come lets in affections riot,
Th'are sickly pleasures keep a Diet:
Give me a lover bold and free,
Not Eunuch't with formality:
Like an Embassadour that beds a Queen
With the nice Caution of a sword between.

An *Elegie* upon Dr. *Chaderton*, the first Master of *Emanuel* Colledge in *Cambridge*, being above an hundred yeares old when he died.

Occasioned by his long deferred FUNERALL

PArdon (dear Saint) that we so late,
With lazy sighs bemoan thy fate;
And with an after-shower of verse,
And teares, we thus bedew thy herse:
Till now (alas) we did not weep,
Because we thought thou didst but sleep:
Thou liv'dst so long, we did not know
Whether thou couldst now die or no:
We look'd still, when thou shouldst arise
And o'pe the casements of thine eyes:
Thy feet, which have been us'd so long
To walk, we thought must still go on;
Thine eares after an hundred year,
Might now plead custome for to hear:
Upon thy head that reverend snow
Did dwell some fifty years ago,
And then thy cheeks did seem to have
The sad resemblance of a grave.
Wert thou ere young! for truth I hold,
And do believe thou wert born old,
There's none alive I'me sure can say
They knew thee young, but alwayes gray:
And dost thou now, venerable Oak,
Decline at deaths unhappy stroak?

Tell

Tell me (dear ſon) why didſt thou die,
And leav's to write an Elegy?
We're young (alas) and know thee not,
Send up old *Abram* and grave *Lot*,
Let them write thine Epitaph, and tell
The world thy worth, they kend thee well:
When they were boyes they heard thee preach,
And thought an Angel did them teach.
Awake them then, and let them come,
And ſcore thy vertues on thy tomb,
That we at thoſe may wonder more,
Than at thy many yeares before.

MARIES SPIKE-NARD.

SHall I preſume
Without *Perfume*
My *Chriſt* to meet
That is *all ſweet*?
No, I'le make moſt pleaſant poſies,
Catch the *breath of new blown* Roſes;
Top the pretty merry flowers,
Which *laugh* in the *faireſt Bowers*,
Whoſe *ſweetneſſe* Heaven likes ſo well,
It *ſtoops* each morn to take a ſmell.
Then I'le fetch from the *Phœnix* neſt
The *richeſt Spices*, and the *beſt*,

Pretious Ointments I will make,
Holy Myrrh and *Aloes* take;
Yea, *coſtly Spikenard*, in whoſe ſmell
The *ſweetneſſe* of *all Odours dwell.*
I'le get a *box* to keep it in,
Pure as his *alabaſter skin*,
And then to him I'le *nimbly* fly
Before *one ſickly minute die*:
This *box* I'le *break*, and on *his head*,
This precious Ointment will I ſpread,
Till ev'ry lock, and ev'ry haire
For ſweetneſſe with his breath compare:
But ſure the odour of his skin
Smells ſweeter than the ſpice I bring.
Then with bended knee I'le greet
His holy and beloved feet;
I'le waſh them with a weeping eye,
And then my lips ſhall kiſſe them dry;
Or for a towell he ſhall have
My hair, ſuch flax as nature gave.
But if my wanton locks be bold,
And on thy ſacred feet take hold,
And curle themſelves about, as though
They were loath for to let thee go,
O chide them not, and bid away,
For then for grief they will grow gray.

CHRO.

CHRONOSTICON

Decollationis CAROLI Regis tricesimo die Januarii, secunda hora Pomeridiana, *Anno Dom.* MDCXLVIII.

Ter Deno Ianl Labens ReX SoLe CaDente
CaroLVs eXVtVs SoLIo SCeptroqVe ScCVre.

CHARLES---- ah forbear, forbear! lest Mortals prize
His Name too dearly; and Idolatrize.
His Name! Our Losse! Thrice curſed and forlorn
Be that Black Night which uſher'd in this Morn.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign! ——hold! lest Out-law'd Sense
Bribe, and seduce tame Reason to dispense
With those Celestiall powers; and distrust
Heav'n can behold such Treason, and prove Just.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murtherd! tremble! and
View what Convulsions shoulder-shake this Land,
Court, City, Countrey, nay three Kingdomes run
To their last stage, and Set with him their Sun.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd at His Gate!
Fell fiends! dire Hydra's of stiff-nek'd-State!

Strange Body-Politick! whose Members spread,
And, Monster-like, swell bigger than their HEAD.

CHARLES of Great Britain! He! who was the known
King of three Realms, lies murther'd in his Own.
He! He! who liv'd, and Faith's Defender stood,
Dy'd here to re-Baptize it in His Bloud.

No more, no more. Fame's Trump shall Echo all
The rest in dreadfull Thunder. Such a Fall
Great Christendome ne're pattern'd; and 'twas strange
Earth's Center reel'd not at this dismall Change.

The blow struck Brittain blind, each well-set Limb
By dislocation was lopt off in HIM.
And though she yet live's, she live's but to condole
Three Bleeding Bodies left without a Soul.

RELIGION put's on Black, sad LOYALTY
Blushes and mourns to see bright Majesty
Butcher'd by such Assassinates; nay both
'Gainst GOD, 'gainst LAW, ALLEGIANCE, and their OATH.

Farewell sad Isle! Farewell! thy fatall Glory
Is Sum'd, Cast up, and Cancell'd in this Story.

A

AN ELEGIE

Upon King CHARLES *the First, murthered publickly by His Subjects.*

WEre not my *Faith* boy'd up by sacred bloud,
It might be *drown'd* in this prodigious floud;
Which reasons highest ground doth so exceed,
It leaves my *soul* no Anch'rage, but my *Creed*;
Where my *Faith* resting on th'*Originall*,
Supports it self in this the *Copies* fall;
So while my Faith floats on that *Bloudy wood*,
My reason's cast away in this *Red floud*,
Which ne're o'reflows us all: Those showers past
Made but Land-flouds, which did some vallies waste;
This stroke hath cut the only neck of land,
Which between us, and this *Red Sea* did stand,
That covers now our world, which cursed lies
At once with two of *Egypts* prodigies;
O're-cast with darknesse, and with bloud o're-run,
And justly, since our hearts have theirs out-done;
Th'Inchanter led them to a lesse known ill,
To act his sin, then 'twas their *King to kill*:
Which crime hath widowed our whole Nation,
Voided all Forms, left but Privation
In *Church* and *State*; inverting ev'ry right;
Brought in Hells State of fire without light:
No wonder then, if all good eyes look red,
Washing their Loyall hearts from bloud so shed;

The which deſerves, each pore ſhould turn an eye,
To weep out, even a bloudy *Agony*:
Let nought then paſſe for *Muſick*, but ſad cries;
For *beauty* bloudleſſe cheeks, and bloud-ſhot eyes.
All colours ſoil but black, all odours have
Ill ſcent, but *Myrrh*, incens'd upon this *Grave*:
It notes a *Jew*, not to believe us much
The cleaner made by a religious touch
Of their *Dead Body*, whom to judge to die,
Seems the Judaicall impiety.
To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints
His rage with Law, the Temple and the Saints:
But the truth is, He fear'd and did repine,
To be caſt out, and back into the Swine:
And the caſe holds, in that the Spirit bends
His malice in this Act, againſt his ends:
For it is like, the ſooner hee'l be ſent
Out of that body, He would ſtill torment:
Let *Chriſtians* then uſe otherwiſe this bloud,
Deteſt the Act, yet turn it to their good;
Thinking how like a *King of death* He dies;
We eaſily may the world and death deſpiſe:
Death had no ſting for him, and its ſharp arm,
Onely of all the troop, meant him no harm.
And ſo he look'd upon the *Axe*, as one
Weapon yet left, to guard Him to his Throne;
In His great Name, then may His Subjects cry,
Death thou art ſwallowed up in Victory;
If this our loſſe a comfort can admit,
'Tis that his narrowed *Crown* is grown unfit

For

For his enlarged Head, ſince his diſtreſſe
Had greatned this, as it made that the leſſe;
His *Crown* was ſaln unto too low a thing
For him, who was become ſo great a *King*:
So the ſame hands enthron'd him in that *Crown*
They had exalted from him, not pull'd down:
And thus Gods truth by them hath rendred more,
Than ere mens falſhood promis'd to reſtore;
Which, ſince by death, alone he could attain,
Was yet exempt from weakneſſe, and from pain;
Death was enjoyn'd by God, to touch a part,
Might make his paſſage quick, ne're move his heart,
Which ev'n expiring, was ſo far from death,
It ſeem'd but to command away his breath.
And thus his *Soul*, of this her triumph proud,
Broke, like a flaſh of lightning, through the cloud
Of fleſh and bloud; and from the higheſt line
Of humane vertue, paſs'd to be divine:
Nor is't much leſſe his vertues to relate,
Than the high glories of his preſent ſtate;
Since both then paſſe all Acts but of belief,
Silence may praiſe the one, the other grief.
And ſince, upon the Diamond, no leſſe
Than Diamonds, will ſerve us to impreſſe,
I'le onely wiſh that for his Elegie,
This our *Joſias* had a *Jeremie*.

AN

AN ELEGIE

On { *The best of Men,* / *The meekest of Martyrs,* / CHARLES *the* I. &c.

DOes not the Sun call in his light? and day
Like a thin exhalation melt away?
Both wrapping up their Beams in Clouds to be
Themselves close mourners at the Obsequie
Of this great Monarch? does his Royall Bloud,
Which th'Earth late drunk in so profuse a floud,
Not shoot through her affrightned womb, and make
All her convulsed Arteries to shake
So long, till all those hinges that sustain,
Like Nerves, the frame of nature shrink again
Into a shuffled Chaos? Does the Sun
Not suck it from its liquid Mansion,
And Still it into vap'rous Clouds, which may
Themselves in bearded Meteors display,
Whose shaggy and dishevel'd Beams may be
The tapers at this black solemnitie?
You Seed of Marble in the Womb accurst,
Rock'd by some storm, or by some Tigresse nurst;
Fed by some Plague, which in blind mists was hurld
To strew infection on the tainted World.
What fury charm'd your hands to Act a deed,
Tyrants to think on would not weep, but bleed?
And Rocks by instinct so resent this Fact,
They'ld into Springs of easie teares be slack'd.

Say

Say ſons of tumult, ſince you thought it good,
Still to keep up the Trade, and bath in Bloud
Your guilty hands, why did you then not ſtate
Your Slaughters at ſome cheap and common rate?
Your gluttonous and laviſh Blades might have
Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave;
And lop'd off thouſands of ſome baſe allay,
Whilſt the ſame Sexton that inter'd their clay,
In the ſame Urne their names too might intomb,
But when on him you fixt your fatall Doom,
You gave a blow to Nature, ſince even all
The ſtock of man now bleeds too in his fall.
Could not Religion which you oft have made
A ſpecious gloſſe your black deſignes to ſhade,
Teach you, that we come neareſt Heaven when we
Are ſuppled into acts of Clemency?
And copie out the Deity agen,
When we diſtil our mercies upon men?
But why do I deplore this ruine? He
Onely ſhook off his frail Humanity,
And with ſuch calmneſſe fell, he ſeem'd to be,
Even leſſe unmov'd and unconcern'd than we.
And forc'd us from our Throes of Grief to ſay,
We onely died, he onely liv'd that Day:
So that his Tomb is now his Throne become
T'inveſt him with the Crown of Martyrdome:
And death the ſhade of nature did not ſhrowd
His Soul in Miſts, but its clear Beams uncloud,
That who a Star in our Meridian ſhone
In Heaven might ſhine a Conſtellation.

Upon

Upon the Death of *CHARLES* the First.

GReat ! Good ! and Juſt ! could I but rate
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to ſuch a ſtrain,
As it ſhould Deluge once again.
But ſince thy loud-tongu'd bloud demands ſupplies,
More from *Briareus* hands, than *Argus* eyes,
I'le ſing thy Obſequies, with Trumpet ſounds.
And write thy *Epitaph* with *Blood* and *Wounds*.

MONTROSE.

Written with the point of his Sword.

The Character of a London-Diurnall.

A *Diurnall* is a punie *Chronicle*, ſcarce pin-feather'd with the wings of *time*. It is an Hiſtory in *ſippets*, the Engliſh *Iliads* in a nut ſhel; the *Apocryphal Parliaments* book of *Maccabees* in ſingle ſheets; It would tire a *Welch Pedigree*, to reckon up how many *aps* 'tis removed from an *Annall*: For it is of that *Extract*; only of the younger *houſe*, like a *Shrimp* to a *Lobſter*. The *original ſinner* in this kind was Dutch *Gallobelgicus* the *Protoplaſt*; and the *modern Mercuries* but *Hans-en-Kelders*. The Conteſs of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an *Almanack*, as many children as dayes in the year. It may be the *Legiſlative Lady* is of that lineage; ſo ſhe ſpawns the *Diurnals*, & they at *Weſtminſter* take them in by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britannicus*. In the Frontiſpiece of the old *Beldam Diurnal*, like the *Contents* of the *Chapter*, fitteth the *Houſe of Commons*, Judging the twelve tribes of *Iſrael* You may call them the *Kingdomes Anatomy* before the *Weekly Kalendar*: For ſuch is a *Diurnall*, the day of the *moneth*, with what

what weather in the *Common-wealth*. It is taken for the pulse of the *Body Politick*, and the *Emporick Divines of the Assembly*, those *spirituall Dragooners*, thumb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopsis*: and those grave *Rabbies*, (though in point of *Divinity*) trade in no larger Authors. The *Country Carrier*, when he buys it for the *Vicar*, miscals it the *Urinal*: yet properly enough, for it casts the water of the *State*, ever since it ſtaled bloud. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the Devil and his *Exoreiſt*; or as a *blackwitch* doth from a *white* one, whoſe office is to unravel her *inchantments*.

It begins uſually with an *Ordinance*, which is a *Law ſtill born*, dropt before quickned by the *Royall aſſent*: 'Tis one of the *Parliaments by-blows* (Acts being legitimate) and hath no more *Syre* than a *Spaniſh-Ginnet*, that is begotten by the winde.

Thus their *Militia* (like its patron *Mars*) is the iſſue only of the *Mother*, without the concourſe of *Royal Jupiter*. Yet *Law* it is if they vote it, though in defiance of their *Fundamentals*; like the old *Sexton*, who ſwore his *Clock* went true, whatever the *Sun* ſay to the contrary.

The next *Ingredients* of a *Diurnal* is *plots*, *horrible plots*, which with wonderfull ſagacity it buns e'y-foot, while they are yet in their *cauſes*, before *Materia prima* can put on her ſmock. How many ſuch fits of the *Mother* have troubled the *Kingdomes*, and (for all Sir *Walter Earle* looks like a Man Midwife) not yet delivered of ſo much as a *cuſhion*. But *Actors* muſt have their *Properties*; and ſince the *Stages* were *voted* down, the only *Play-houſe* is at *Weſtminſter*.

Suitable to their *plots* are their *Informers Skippers*, and *Taylors*, *Spaniels* both for the *land* & *wat r*: *Good conſcionable intelligence!* For however *Pim*'s bill may inflame the *reckoning*, the *honeſt vermin* have not ſo much for *lying* as the *publick Faith*.

Thus a *zealous Barber* in *More-fields*, while he was contriving ſome *Quirpo cut* of *Church Government*, by the help of his *out-lying eares*, and the *Otacouſticon* of the *Spirit*, diſcovered ſuch a *Plot*, that *Selden* intends to combate *Antiquity*, and maintain it was a *Taylors Gooſe* that preſerved the *Capitoll*.

I wonder my *Lord* of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-be-trayton'd for dealing with the *Lyons*, to ſettle the *Commiſſion of Array* in the *Tower*. It would do well to cramp the *Articles Dormant*, beſides the opportunity of reforming thoſe *Beaſts of the Pre-*

negative, and changing their *profane names* of *Harry* and *Charles* into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazar*.

Suppose a *Corn-cutter*, being to give little *Isaac a cast of his office*, should fall to paring his *Brows*, mistaking the one end for the other, because he branches at both. This would be a *plot*, and the next *Diurnall* would furnish you with this scale of *Votes*.

Resolved upon the Question, that this act of the *Corn-cutter* was an absolute invasion of the *Cities Charter*, in the *representative fore head of Isaac*.

Resolved, that the *evil Counsellours* about the *Corn-cutter* are popishly affected, and enemies to the *State*.

Resolved, that there be a *publick Thanksgiving* for the great deliverance of *Isaacs Brow-antlers*: and a solemn *Covenant* drawn up, to defie the *Corn-cutter* and all his works.

Thus the *Quixots* of this age, fight with the *Windmils* of their own heads, quell *Monsters* of their own creation, make *plots* and then discover them: as who sitter to unkennel the *Fox*, than the *Tarrier* that is a part of him?

In the third place march their *Adventurers*: the *Round-heads Legend*, the *Rebells Romance*, stories of a larger size than the cant of their *Sect*, able to strangle the belief of a *Soli-fidian*.

I'le present them in their orders and first as a *Whiffler* before the show, enter *Stamford*, one that trod the stage with the first, traverst his ground, made a leg and *Exit*. The *Countrey people* took him for one that by *Order* of the *Houses*, was to dance a *Morrice* through the *West of England*. Well, he is a nimble *Gentleman*, for him upon *Banks* his *horse* in a *saddle rampant*, and it is a great question, which part of the Centaur shewes better tricks.

There was a vote passing to translate him, with all his equipage, into Monumental Ginger-bread; but it was crossed by the Female Committee, alledging, that the Valour of his Image would bite their children by the Tongues.

This Cubit and a half of Commander, by the help of a *Diurnal*, routed his enemies fifty miles off: It is strange you will say, and it is generally believed, he would as soon do it at that distance as neater hand. Sure it was his Sword, for which the weapon-salve was invented, that so wounding and healing, like loving *Correlates*, might both work at the same removes.

But the Squib is run to the end of the Rope, Room for the

Prodigy of Valour, Madam Atropos in breeches, Walkers Knight erantery: and becauſe every Mountebank muſt have his Zany, throw him Hazlerig to ſet off the ſtory, theſe two like Bell and the Dragon, are alwayes worſhipped in the ſame Chapter, they hunt in their couples, what one doth at the head, the other ſcores up at the heel.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as Hopkins and Sternhold murder the Pſalms with another to the ſame, one chimes all in, and then the other ſtrikes up as the Saints-bell.

I wonder for how many lives my Lord Hopton took the Leaſe of his body.

Firſt Stamford ſlew him: then Waller out-killed that half a bar, and yet it is thought the ſullen Corps would ſcarce bleed, were both theſe Manſlayers never ſo near it.

The fame goes of a Dutch-Headſman, that he would do his office with ſo much eaſe and dexterity, that the head after execution ſhould ſtand upon the ſhoulders; pray God Sir William be not Probationer for the place. For as if he had the like knack too, moſt of thoſe whom the Diurnall hath ſlain for him, to us poor Mortals ſeem untouch't.

Thus the Artificers of Death can kill the man, without wounding the body, like Lightning that melts the ſword, and never ſinges the Scabbard.

This is the William, whoſe Lady is the Conqueroux: This is the Citie Champion, and the Diurnalls Delight, he, that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commiſſion: for he ſtalkes with Eſſex, and ſhoots under his belly, becauſe his Excellency himſelf is not charged there. Yet in all this triumph there is a Whip and a Bell: tranſlate but the Scene to Round-way Down, There Hazlerig's Lobſters were turned into Crabs and crawled backwards: there poor Sir William ran to his wife for a uſe of conſolation.

But the Diurnall is weary of the arm of fleſh, and now begins an Heſanna to Cromwel, one that hath beat up his Drums clean through the Old Teſtament; you may learn the Genealogie of our Saviour, by the names in his Regiment. The Muſter Maſter uſes no other Liſt than the firſt Chapter of Matthew.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Lorrainers, when themſelves entertain ſuch an army of Hebrews? This Cromwel is never ſo valarous, as when he is making ſpeeches

for the Association; which nevertheless he doth somewhat ominously with his neck awry, holding up his ear, as if he expected *Mahomets* Pidgeon to come & prompt him. He should be a bird of prey too by his bloudy beak, his Nose is able to try a young Eagle, whether she be lawfully begotten. But all is not gold that glisters: What we wonder at in the rest of them is naturall to him, to kill without bloud shed: for the most of his Trophies are in a Church-window, when a Looking glasse would shew him more Superstition. He is so perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced God's in his own countenance. If he deals with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an old *Monument*, then down goes *dust* and *ashes*: and the stoutest *Cavalier* is no better. *O brave Oliver! Times Voider, Subsizer* to the *Worms*: in whom *Death* who formerly devoured our *Ancestors*, now chews the cud. He said grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the *Marquesse* of *Newcastle*: nay, and the *Diurnal* gave you his *bill of fare*; but it proved a running banquet, as appears by the story. Believe him as he whistles to his *Cambridg* Teem of *Committee men*, & he doth wonders. But *holy men* (like the *holy Language*) must be read backwards. They rifle *Colledges* to promote *Learning*, and pull down *Churches* for *edification*. But *Sacriledg* is intailed upon him: There must be a *Cromwell* for *Cathedrals*, as well as *Abbeys*: a secure sin whose offence carries its pardon in its mouth: For how can he be hangd for *Church robbery* wch gives it self the benefit of the *Clergy*.

But for all *Cromwels* Nose wears the *Dominical Letter*, compared to *Manchester*, he is but like the *vigils* to an *holy day*. This, this is the man of God; sanctified a *Thunderbolt*, that *Burroughs*, in a proportionable blasphemy to his *Lord of Hosts*, would style him the *Archangel* giving battell to the *Devil*.

Indeed, as the *Angels*, each of them makes a severall *species*, so every one of his *Souldiers* is a distinct *Church*. Had these beasts been to enter into the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have suited them into pairs. If ever there were a rope of sand, it was so many Sects twisted into an *Association*.

They agree in nothing, but they are all *Adamites* in understanding. It is the signe of a *coward* to *wink* and fight; yet all their valour proceeds from their ignorance.

But I wonder whence their Generals purity proceeds; it is not by traduction: if he was begotten a Saint, it was by equivocal gene-

generation: for the Devil in the father, is turn'd Monk in the ſon: ſo his godlineſſe is of the ſame parentage with good Laws, both extracted out of bad manners, and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and ſay to Corruption, *Thou art my Father.*

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdomes eyes, by clouding our Mother Univerſity; and (if this Scotch miſt further prevail) will extinguiſh this other. He hath the like quarrel to both, becauſe both are ſtrung with the ſame *Optique nerve*, *Knowing Loyalty*. Barbarous Rebell! who will be revenged upon all Learning, becauſe his Treaſon is beyond the mercy of the book.

The *Diurnal* as yet hath not talkt much of Victories; but there is the more behind: For the Knight muſt alwayes beat the Giant: that's reſolved. If any thing fall out amiſſe, which cannot be ſmothered, the *Diurnal* hath a help at Maw, it is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Daniſh Fleet*, or brewing it with ſome ſucceſſe out of *Ireland*, and it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets that move by the wyre of a *Diurnal*, as *Brereton* and *Gell*, two of *Mars* his petty-toes; ſuch ſniveling Cowards, that it is a favour to call them ſo. Was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he reſembled the *Beaſt*, he would have odds of any man at the weapon: O he's a terrible ſlaughter-man at a Thanksgiving Dinner: had he been *Cannibal*, to have eaten thoſe that he vanquiſht, his Gut would have made him valiant.

The greateſt wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a Babe of Grace. Certainly it is not in his perſonall, but (as the *State-Sophies* diſtinguiſh) in his politick capacity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeal of the houſe he ſate in; as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

There is the *Woodmonger* too, a feeble Crutch to a declining Cauſe; a new branch of the old *Oak of Reformation*.

And now I ſpeak of Reformation, *vonz ave't Fox*, the Tinker, the livelieſt embleme of it that may be. For what did this Parliament ever go about to reform, but Tinker-wiſe, in mending one hole, they made three?

But I have not Ink enough to cure all the Tetters and Ringworms of the State.

I will close up all thus; The Victories of the Rebels are like the Magicall Combat of *Apuleius*, who, thinking he had slain all three of his Enemies, found them at last but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such, and so empty are the triumphs of a *Diurnall*; but so many imposthumated Fancies, so many bladders of their own blowing.

The Character of a Country Committee man, with the Ear-mark of a Sequestrator.

A Committee man by his name should be one that is possessed; there is number enough in his name to make an Epithet for Legion; he is *persona in concreto* (to borrow the solecisme of a modern Statesman) you may translate it by the Red Bull phrase, and speak as properly, enter seven Devils *solus*: It is a well-truss'd title, that contains both the number and the Beast. For a Committee-man is a Noun of multitude; he must be spelled with figures, like Antichrist wrapped in a pair-royall of Sixes: Thus the name is as monstrous as the Man, a compleat notion of the same lineage with accumulative treason: For his office is the Heptarchy, or *England's* Fritters; it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, onely the Royalty is great; for it is here as in the miracle of loaves, the voider exceeds the Bill of fare; the Pope and he rings the change; here is the plurality of Crowns to one head, joyn them together, and there is a harmony in discord, the triple headed Turn-key of Heaven, with the triple headed Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the reliques of Regall Government, but (like holy Reliques) he out bulks the substance whereof he is a remnant: There is a score of Kings in a Committee, as in the reliques of the Crosse, there is the number of twenty. This is the Gyant with the hundred hands that wields the Scepter, the tyrannicall Bead-Roll, by which the Kingdome prayes backward, and with a kind of *Rebus*, at every curse drops a Committee-man.

man. Let *CHARLES* be waved, whose conducing clemency aggravates the defection, and make *Nero* the question, better a *Nero* than a Committee. There is lesse execution by a single bullet, than by case-shot.

Now a Committee man is a party coloured officer, he must be drawn like *Janus* with Crosse and Pile in his countenance, as he relates to the Souldiers, or face about to his fleecing the Country Look upon him martially and he is a Justice of warr; one that hath bound his *Dalton* up in Buff, and will needs be of the *Quorum* to the best Commanders; he is one of *Mars* his Lay-Elders, he shares in the Government, though a Non-conformist to his bleeding Rubrick; he is the like Sectary in arms, as the Platonick is in love, keeps a flattering in discourse, but proves Haggard in the action; he is not of the Souldiers, and yet of his flock; it is an Emblem of the golden Age (and such indeed he makes it) to him, when so tame a Pidgeon may converse with Vulturs. Methinks a Committee hanging about a Governour, and Bandileers dangling about a fur'd Alderman, have an Anagram resemblance; there is no Syntax between a Cap of maintenance and a helmet. Who ever knew an enemy routed by a grand-Jury and a *Billa vera*? It is a left handed Garrison where their authority perches, but the more preposterous, the more in fashion: the right hand fights, while the left rules the reins: The truth is, the Souldier and the Gentleman are like *Don Quixot* and *Sancha Pancha*, one fights at all adventures to purchase the other the Government of the Island. A Committee man properly should be the Governours Mattrosse to fit his truckle, to raise Assessments in the neighbouring Wapentake.

The Country people being like an Irish Cow, that will not give down her milk unlesse she see her Calf before her: Hence it is he is the Garrisons dry Nurse, he chews their Contribution before he feeds them; so the poor Souldiers live like *Trochilus*, by picking the teeth of this sacred Crocodile.

So much for his warlike or ammunition face, which is so preternaturall, that it is rather a vizard than a face. *Mars* in him hath but a blinking aspect, his *face of Arms* is like his *coat, parte per pale*, Souldier and Gentleman, much of a scantling.

Now enter his Taxing and deglubing face, a squeezing look, like that of *Vespasianus*, as if hewere breeding over a close-stool Take him thus, and he is in the inquisition of the purse an authentick Gypsie, that nips your bung with a canting Ordinance, not a murthered fortune in all the *Country*, but bleeds at the touch of this malefactor. He is the spleen of the body Politick, that swels it self to the consumption of the whole. At first indeed he ferreted for the Parliament, but since he hath got off his Cope, he set up for himself, he lives upon the sins of the people, and that's a good standing-dish too, he verifies the Axiom, *Iisdem nutritur ex quibus componitur*, his diet is suitable to his constitution. I have wondred often why the plundred Country men should repair to him for succour, certainly it is under the same notion, as one whose pockets are pickt goes to *Mol Cutpurse*, as the predominant in that faculty.

He out dives a Dutchman: gets a Noble of him that was never worth sixpence, for the poorest do not escape, but Dutch-like he will be dreyning even the driest ground; he aliens a Delinquents estate with as little remorse, as his other Holinesse giveth away an Hereticks Kingdome, and for the truth of the Delinquency, both Chapmen have as little share of infallibility. Lye is the grand Sallad of Arbitrary Government, Executor to the Star-Chamber, and the high Commission; for those Courts are not extinct, they survive in him, like Dollars changed into single money. To speak the truth, he is the universall Tribunall: for since these times all causes fall to his cognizance, as in a great infection all diseases turn off to the Plague. It concerns our Masters the *Parliament* to look about them, if he proceedeth at this rate, the Iack may come to swallow the Pike; as the Interest often eats out the Principall. As his commands are great, so he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is punctuall in exacting your hat, and to say right, it is his due: but by the same title as the upper garment is the vails of the Executioner. There was a time when such cattell would hardly have been taken upon suspicion for men in office, unlesse the old Proverb were renewed, that the Beggars make a free Company, and those their Wardens. You may see what it is to hang together, look upon them severally, and

you

you cannot but fumble for ſome threads of charity: But oh they are Tarmagants in conjunction! like Fidlers who are rogues when they go ſingle; and joyned in conſort, gentlemen Muſcioners. I care not much if I untwiſt my Committee-man, and ſo give him the receit of this grand Catholicon.

Take a State Martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath paid the Exciſe of his ears, ſo ſuffered captivity by the Land Piracy of Ship money, next a Primitive Freeholder, one that hates the King, becauſe he is a Gentleman, transgreſſing the *Magna Charta* of delving *Adam*. Adde to theſe a mortified Bankrupt, that helps out his falſe weights with ſome ſcruples of Conſcience, and with his peremptory ſcales can doom his Prince with a *Mene Tekel*. Theſe with a new blue ſtokin'd luſtice, lately made of a good basket hilted Yeoman, with a ſhort handed Clerk, tackt to the Rear of him to carry the Knapſack of his underſtanding, together with two or three equivocall Sirs, whoſe Religion like their Gentility, is the extract of their Acres, being therefore ſpirituall, becauſe they are earthly; nor forgetting the man of the Law, whoſe corruption gives the *Hogon* to the ſincere Junćto. Theſe are the ſimples of this precious compound, a kind of Dutch hotch potch, the *Hogan Mogan* Committee-man.

A Committe-man hath a Side man, or rather a ſetter hight, a Sequeſtrator, of whom you may ſay, as of the great Sultans horſe, where he treads the graſſe grows no more. He is the States Cormorant, one that fiſhes for the publick, but feeds himſelf; the miſery is, he fiſhes without the Cormorants property, a rope to ſtrengthen the gullet, and to make him diſgorge. A Sequeſtrator! He is the Devils Nut-hook, the ſign with him is alwayes in the clutches. There are more Monſters retain to him, than to all the limbs in Anatomy. It is ſtrange Phyſicians do not apply him to the ſoles of the feet in a deſperate Feaver, he draws far beyond Pigeons: I hope ſome Mountebank will ſlice him, and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed, here is the difference, one applauds the Grinder, the other the Griſt. Never till now could I verifie the Poets deſcription, that the ravenous Harpie had a human viſage, Death it ſelf cannot quit ſcores with him

Like the Demoniack in the Gospel, he lives among Tombs, nor is all the holy water shed by Widows and Orphans, a sufficient Exorcism to dispossesse him. Thus the Cat sucks your breath & the fiend your bloud; Nor can the brotherhood of witch-finders, so sagely instituted with their terror, wean the Familiars.

But once more to single out my imboss't Committee-man, his fate (for I know you would fain see an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the withers by a Committee of Examinations, & so the spunge weeps out the moisture which he soaked before; Or else he meets his passing peal in the clamorous mutiny of a gut founded Garrison; For the Hedge Sparrow will be feeding the Cuckow, till he mistakes his commons and bites off her head. Whatever 'tis, it is within his desert: For what is observed of some creatures, that at the same time they trade in productions three stories high, suckling the first, big with the second, & clicketing for the third. A Committee-man is the Counterpoint, his mischief is superferation, a certain scale of destruction; for he ruines the Father, beggers the Son, and strangles the hopes of all posterity.

A Letter to a Friend, Dissw ading him from his attempt to marry a Nun.

SIR,

THough no mans arms can be opened wider to receive you on shore, and give you possession of this breast, yet I know not whether with the usuall complement, I may welcome you home, as doubting your Country may have mewed that relation in so long an absence, she having expos'd her noblest Issue, being conviction enough to make you disclaim her. Besides, there is such a new face of things since your departure, that what was formerly the Character of the Inhabitant, is now the Kingdoms, *To be a stranger at home* insomuch as were you design d for a second journey, it might be part of your businesse to travel other Countries in quest of your own. Indeed she is such an Alien in her looks, that most of her Off-spring dare not ask her blessing; her countenance is not denizen of her self, you would think her to be some floating Island, that had

made

made a voyage onely to truck for an outlandish visage. Some, who have spell'd her lineaments say she copies out the *Dutch*, and to make good the parallel, they doubt not to instance in our *Hogen* Governours. It is in a broken Kingdome, as in a crack'd Looking glasse, where instead of one face, that Monarch like, should represent the whole, you may see variety of lesser ones glimmering in its room, and the Aspects of all of them fierce and frowning. Well then a forreiner she is, and her complexion borrowed; so that as our new Philosophers would have the Earth to move, and the heavens stand still, the same may be said of the State of ours, and the Royall train that you were part of. It was the Kingdome wandered, not you that left it. You are fix'd, & *England* in exile. When a Country reels from its setled posture, there is no defection in him that quits it, it having first abandon'd it self. In this case, though it be a fallacy in the sence, it holds good in reason, that the shore moves and falls off from the Saylor. Whence you see, Sir, there is some possibility I might reverse your travels, were it not for one argument which abundantly confirms them, the sage experience you have treasur'd up in your observations: for no sooner had you lost your native soil, but by way of reprisal you took in others. The Dominions you visit you carry along with you, and by a victorious industry make them pay tribute to your understanding: not like a number of our roaring Gallants, who return so empty and without their errand, as if their travell, like Witches in the air, were nothing but the waftage of a deluded phantasy, perswading themselves that they circle the Globe, when the Card they sayl by, is nothing else but a slumbering imposture. But methinks we are too grave Sir, what if we unbend a while, and presume to tell you that in all your Errantry, there is no Adventure so much affects me, as that of the *Nun*: where I cannot determine, whether your love it self were more exorick, or the form of accosting it: For although it be naturall for Jealousie to study Fornication, and every Cuckold within his own precincts to be an Engineer, yet never before have I heard of a Mistresse fenc'd with a port cullice, or an amarous visit manag'd with the caution, which suspicious Kings use in an enterview. This manner of greeting may not unfitly

be termed *Cupids* barriers, breathing exercise rather then a combat, where the dallying Champions have a rail to part thé, that they may not fight it out to the uttermost. Had your old Romancing spirit possest you, the brandish'd blade would have freed the Lady from her inchanted durance; nor had you been lesse concerned in the rescue, than the fair Recluse; for who, that blows short in expectation of his love, and in that heat of impatience should be sever'd from his hopes by a few envious bars, would not feel himself like another S. *Laurence* broyl'd on a Gridiron? But see how customes vary with the clime; as there are some Regions who salute one another by putting off their shoos instead of their hats, so it seems where you have been, there is as different a form of imprisonment: the Prisoner is at large and without the grate wishing for admittance, and she, at whose suite his soule is arrested, close clapt up and abridged of liberty. Sure at this grate those *Cb.ysom*-- lovers called *Platonicks*, had their first training, those queasie gamsters that diet themselves with the very notion of mingling souls, without putting their bodies to farther brokage than kissing of hands, and twisting of eye-beams. For your part Sir, you are none of those puling stomacks, you have an appetite for a whole Cloister. It is but trifling sports for you to pull down the Out lier unlesse you leap the pale, & let slip at the herd. I wonder what exorcisme the Abbesse used to get quit of the *Incubus*; for had she not checked your hovering temptations, I am confident by this time you had transformed the Covent, and turn'd the *Nunnery* into a *Seraglio*. But in sober sadnesse why a *Nun*? Sir, how came you out of the active torrent into that solitary creek! Princes seldome treat of Matches, but in forrein Dominions, your affection takes greater state as fixing upon one of another world: had your passion been centred on the beauty of her soul, I had looked upon it as the act of your conversion, such a love might justly have been christened by the name of Zeal, being setled on a person, on whom to be enamoured is in a sort to take Orders. Hence it is, there want not some who suspect your Religion, lest equivocating from the beauty of her person, to that of her profession, you should turn Monastick. Others, who are better acquainted

with

wth the warmth of your temper, are rather solicitous for the Church in general, for fear lest with *Luther* you should marry a *Nun*, and so with him to make her a Ioincture in a new Religion. If this be your plot, consider I pray you, how difficult it is to innovate farther in this age of Novelties, when the world is so spent in new inventions, that for want of gain, even rust & rottennesse are flourished over with a seeming verdure; Not one of all those beldam heresies, that did pennance formerly by the doom of the Ancients but hath cast her skin since these confusions, and giveth her self out for a blooming Virgin But I think I may spare this piece of counsell: I dare be your compurgator for medling with Religion. That which fit'd your spirits, was the ambition of the enterprize; nor could you entertain a more aspiring frenzy, but by making love to a glorified body. Tell me, I pray you, how many beads did you drop in wooing? By what Liturgy did you frame your courtship? Laick applications are here scandalous, nor will it avail to say you languish without her compassion: A sensuall man is able to vitiate the vestall flame even by his martyrdome. Other lovers in the jollity of their trope, use to canonize their Mistresses, as being of opinion, that the native rubrick of their cheeks hath hallowed them, will you run counter to that consecration, and degrade a Saint by morall addresses? If you have no room in your Kalender for persons upon earth, yet do not prophane a Probationer of heaven, as if the readiest way to rectifie Superstition, were with our modern Reformers to bow it into Atheisme. Let me advise you Sir, to retrieve your self back from this carnall sacriledge. Catch not at *Herostratus* his fame, by setting fire on the Temple; and dispute not a shape of guilt with *Lucifer*, in causing a second fall of Angels: Nay, never start Sir, nor look about at the expression; for I perswade my self, that those Divines, who allot to each of us a Tutelar Angel for our protection, would not prejudice their opinion, should they leave her to her own tuition, as hardly knowing in such a person how to distinguish between the Charge and the Guardian. Sir, I was entreated by our noble Friend, that what my Phantasie suggested upon this subject, I would mould into number; but I must

beg

beg your pardons; it being a request with which to comply were to be your fellow criminall, and by a conformity of guilt to pervert a votarie; for even my Muse is vowed and veild too, she is set apart for the service of my mistresse, and what is that, but even true Religion. The truth is, she is so charily confined to that sole employment, that should I in verse attempt to yield you an accompt, how much I honour you, not a whole grove of Laurell would bribe her to a distick, whereas in transitory prose, were I Master of all those Languages, which I make no question but you have gain'd by your travels, I should hold them all to few to give you sufficient assurance that I am,

Sir,

Your most faithfull.

LETTERS.

SIR,

THough I have no reason to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garrison, yet I thought it not unfit to tell you that on Friday last, one *Hill* by name, in no other condition than my servant, entred your Ark, and with him of my monies 133-0-8. this precise summe I was willing you should know, supposing your wisdome might own the monies, though your honesties could hardly allow the act. Which if so, and that hereafter we shall find it no sin to violate your sanctuary, and upon the audit find the receipt, we may happily count it a lone, and not a losse, it being in hands responsable for greater matters: and now Sir, let me speak to you as a judge, not as an advocate, give the fellow his just reward, prefer him, or send him hither, and we shall; If you dare not trust him, let him be trusted; If you dare, I shall wish you more such servants, and for that onely reason excuse me for the present, that I dare not say I am yours:

W. E.

The

The Answer.

SIxtly, beloved is it so, that our brother & fellow-labourer in the Gospel is start aside? then this may serve for an use of instruction, not to trust in man, or in the Son of man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul*? Did not *Onesimus* run from his master *Philemon*? Also this should teach us to imploy our talents, and not lay them up in a napkin. Had it been done among the Cavaliers, it had been just, then the Israelite had spoiled the Egyptian: but for *Simeon* to plunder *Levi*, that--- that--- ! You see what use Sir, I make of your doctrine you sent to me, and indeed since you change stile so far as to nibble at Wit, you must pardon it to quit scores; I pretend a little to a gift in preaching. Sir, I expected to hear from you in the phrase of the lost Groat, and the prodigall Son, and such a *tantum* of language, but I percieve your communication is not alwayes yea, yea, but now and then a little harlotry Rhetorick: you say that your man is entred our Ark, I am sorry you are so ignorant in Scripture as to let him come single, The text had been better satisfied, if you had pleased to bear him company, for then the beasts had entred by couples. But though he came alone, yet well lined it seems, a 133-o 8. sure the Hue and Cry had good Lungs, it would have been out of breath else, before it had reached the 8. Thus is the sum, but why you call it the precise sum, since it is fallen away, I understand not: but how come you to reckon so punctually? Did *Ananias* tell it upon the Table Dormant? What year of the persecution of the Saints? I wonder you did not rather count it by the shekels, that is the more sanctified coyn. I take it you are mistaken in the sanctuary you speak of. For that which your man hath taken is *Welbeck*, one of our Chappels of ease, not the mother Church, our Garrison of *Newarke*. But the best is, they are both without the reach of your sacriledge. Whereas you count the losse but a loan, we shall grant as a debt, but bearing the same date of payment, as that which you borrowed on the publick Faith. I suspect your hand was troubled with the Palsey when you

wrote

wrote of a Judge: your man however shall find me an advocate, so what say you to an occasional meditation? Reflect but on your self, how you have used our common master, and I doubt not, but then you will pardon your man, he hath but transcribed and copied out the disloyalty of his master, as his fraternity hath taught him: and to conclude with your own; I wish you more such servants; and more such sums, to be derived to their proper channell, from whence it is imaginable that was purloyned.

J. C.

SIR,

HAd not indulgent mercy provided for troubled spirits sacred Oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive something worthy of laughter? how easily had the expence of your wit been trussed up in an Egg-shell. I dare not trace in holy ground, it is not safe nibling there; you see what doctrine I make of your use. But yet so far as yours is prophane, give me leave to nibble at wit, though I dare not undertake, like a mighty Colosse (whose very motion doth *Cleave-Land* like *terram findere*) to devoure indigested lumps of wit, as the Cyclops men at a morsell, and then retail it out as a Jugler doth Inckle by the yard, all in Characters, and by couples entring the ark upon account. Yet allow me to nibble, and I'le allow you the gift in preaching. Pity it is the provision of so many savory lessons, wholsome instructions, even so many pious Collections, as might worthily have entituled you to the comfortable subsistance of a well gleb'd Vicaridge, besides the advantage of a wit, which would require another wit, to tell how great such a divine knowledge as might enable you to prophane every leaf of holy Writ, unknown sanctity, and a conscience so tender I dare not touch; Pity it is such accomplish'd gifts, and prodigious Parts should be mis-imploy'd in secular affaires, such an holy Father might have begot as many babes for the Mother Church of *Newark*, as your party hath of late done Garrisons, and converted as many souls as *Chaucers* Fryer, with the shoulder-bone of the lost sheep. But

you

you say you expected: I thought you had had more than you expected; but however you expected penitentiall language, and humble stile. The groat I will not meddle with, 'tis holy coyn, an addresse full of complaints. Sir, we (like your selves,) can speak big of our losses, and yet with more ingenuity confesse them; though I for modesty will not ask you who stole from you of late a Fort-town, or who ran away with the King, but of that- for that precise sum, I see you are willing to quarrell at preciseness, it was to tell you revenge would have transformed it upon your very--- How you quarrell at your good, had you mistaken him for a tax gatherer, and eas'd him of his portage before he arrived at our Chappell of ease, I would not you should have abated him a fourth part for his forwardnesse, and put it upon the file of contribution for his Majesties good Garrison of *Newark*: I should have liked the security well, and when your works had failed to save you, expected a return upon the publick faith, the meditation whereof putteth me upon this advice; think not prophanesse can compact with mudde, to cast up a trench of security, attempt not, though a gyant, to reach at stars, to throw that Proverb at you,

Be wise on this side Heaven.

The Answer.

THe Philosopher that never laughed but once, when he saw an Asse mumbling of thistles; would have broke his spleen at the rejoynder of yours, for who would not take that for an Embleme of this, observing how gingerly, and with what caution you nibble at my Letter, lest it should prick your chops. But something must needs be reply'd: Repititions are usuall with the Saints at *Grantham*, I look upon your letter as a spittle Sermon, where I perceive your ambition, how you would prove your self a clean beast, because you know how to chew the cud: For the first sentence, where you speak of troubled spi-

rits,

rite, and sacred Oracles; you talk as if you were in *Doll Common* extasie, certainly your spirit is troubled, else your expressions had not run so muddy: for never was Oracle more ambiguous, if possible, to be reconciled to sence. The wit which you say may be truſſed up in an egg-ſhell, I fear your oval crown hath scarce capacity to contain: your disclaim being a Coloſſe content. I have as diminutive thoughts of you as you please. I take you for a lack of Lent, & my pen ſhall make of you accordingly, three throws for a penny. But you cannot *Cleave-Land* like *terram findere*. O what a chargeable commodity is wit at *Grantham*, where the poor writer playes the Pimp, and jumbles two Languages together in unlawfull sheets for the production of a quibble. But I applaud your cunning, the more unknown the town is you jeſt in, your wit will be the better; and why cannot you *Cleave* the *Land?* tread but hard, and your cloven foot will leave it's impreſſion; you talk of the Cyclops and Iuglers, indeed hard words are the Iuglers Dialect, but take heed, the time may come, when unleſſe you play *presto be gon*, your run-away-King may cauſe you Iuglers-wiſe to diſgorge your fate, and vomit a rope instead of Inkle. But to eccho your compaſſion and return you an inventory of your good party is it not pity the pure extract of ſanctified *Emanuel*, parboyled there in a Pipkin of Predeſtination, & ſince well read in the ſick mans ſalve, and crums of comfort, and liberally fed with all the minced meat in Divinity; Is it not pity ſuch a pious goggle at the Eye, ſuch a melodious twang at the noſe, ſuch a ſplay mouth drawn dry, as it were, edifying the ear in private, beſides the cheverall lungs which ſtill ſtretch forth ſo far as ſeventeenthly; Is it not pity theſe gallant ingredients of modern devotion which might juſtly have qualified you for a tub-lecture, and in time have enlarged your Dioceſſe as that of Hidebery, that thoſe ineffable parts that paſſe all underſtanding, ſhould thus be ſequeſtred from the primitive uſe, and of a godly Lancepreſade in the Church militant, be converted to a brother of the Blade, ſuch a walking Directory, ſuch a zealous Roger as this, might have ſaved more ſouls than ever *Sampſon* ſlew, and with the ſame Engine, the Jaw bone of an Aſſe: your pen is coy, and you

wave

wave the holy ground; and the holy coyn with a ſquemiſh preterition: I am glad to hear you acknowledge there is an holy ground, for then I hope *Hotham*'s barn is not as good a Congregation as Saint *Paul*'s; for the holy coin you muſt pardon me if I ſuſpect the chaſtity of your fingers I am ſure thoſe of your party have been troubled with fellons, witneſſe the Church-revenues, and ſeverall ſacriledges that cannot be pared off with your nailes; But there is another reaſon why I abſtain from the ignominy of the Saints. You were in hopes to retrieve your money, but verily, verily, never ſprings the partridge. You would have your man taken for a tax gatherer: Lord, how the ſtile alters, the man when he was with you, was one of the Scribes and Phariſees, and here he muſt paſſe for a Publican and ſinner. Sir, we caſt up no trench of ſecurity, though we might have dirt enough in your language to do it, and yet we hope to be ſaved by our works, for all the ſtrength of your Faith, whereby you hold your ſelves able to remove mountains: for your advice, not to throw ſtars at your head, I imbrace it, for what need I, as long as there is gooſeſhot to be had for money, my wit ſhall be on what ſide heaven you pleaſe, provided it be alwayes antartick to yours: for the appellation of Giant I accept it, onely I am ſorry that I am not he with the hundred hands, that I might ſo often ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Sir,

Your ſervant,

Jo. Cl.

FINIS.

THE CHARACTER OF *A DIURNALL-MAKER.*

A DIURNALL-MAKER is the Sub-almoner of History, Queen *Mabs* Register; one, whom by the same figure, that a North-Country Pedler is a Merchant-man, you may style an Authour: It is the like over reach of language, where every thinne tinder cloaked Quack, a Doctor; when a Clumsy Cobler usurps the attribute of our English Peers, and is vamped a Translator, list him a Writer and you smother *Geoffrey* in swabbersops, the very name of *Dabbler* over-sets him, he is swallowed up in the praise like Sir *Samuel Luke* in a great Sadle, nothing to be seen but the giddy Feather in his Crown. They call him a *Mercury*, but he becomes the Epithite, like the little *Negro* mounted on the Elephant, just such another blot rampant.

He has not ſtuffings ſufficient for the reproach of a Scribler, but it hangs about him like an old wives skin, when the fleſh hath forſaken her, lank and looſe. He defames a good title, as well as moſt of our modern Noble men, thoſe Wennes of greatneſſe, the Body politicks moſt peccant humours, bliſtred into Lords. He hath ſo rawboned a Being, that how ever you render him, he rubs it out, and makes raggs of the expreſſion. The ſilly Country man (who ſeeing an Ape in a ſcarlet coat, bleſt his young worſhip, and gave his Landlord joy of the hopes of his houſe) did not ſlander his Complement with worſe application, than he that names this ſhred an Hiſtoſtorian. To call him an Hiſtorian, is to Knight a Man-drake, it is to view him throw a perſpective, and by that groſſe Hyperbole to give the reputation of an Engineere to a maker of Mouſe-traps. Such an Hiſtorian would hardly paſſe muſter with a Scotch Stationer in a ſieve-full of Ballads and godly Beuks. He would not ſerve for the breaſt-plate of a begging Græcian. The moſt crampt *Compendium* that the age hath ſeen ſince all learning was torn into ends, out ſtrips him by the head: I have heard of Puppets that could prattle in a Play, but never ſaw of their writings before. There goes a report of

the

the *Holland* women, that together with their children they are delivered of a Sooterkin; not unlike to a Rat, which some imagine to be the Off-spring of the Stoves: I know not what *ignis fatuus* adulterates the Presse, but it seems much after that fashion, else how could this Vermin think to be a Twin to a legitimate Writer, when those weekly fragments shall passe for History? let the poore-mans box be intituled the Exchequer, and the almes basket a Magazine. Not a worm that gnaws on the dull scalpe of voluminous *Hollinshed*, but at every meal devoured more Chronicle, than his tribe amounts to. A marginall note of *William Prinne* would serve for a winding-sheet for that mans works, like thick skinned fruits are all rinde, fit for nothing but the Authours fate, to be pared in a Pillory.

The Cook, who served up the Dwarf in a Pye (to continue the frolique) might have lapped up such an Historian as this in the bill of fare. He is the first tincture and rudiment of a Writer, dipped as yet in the preparatiue blew, like an Almanack wellwiller. He is the *Cadet* of a Pamphletere, the *Pedee* of a Romancer. He is the *Embrio* of a History, slinked before maturity. How should he record the issues of time, who himself is an

Abortive? I will not say but he may passe for an Historian in *Gerbiers* Academy, he is much of size of those knot-grasse professors; What a pitifull Seminary was there projected, yet suitable enough to the present Universities, those dry Nurses, which the providence of the age has so fully reformed, that they are turned Reformados. But that is no matter, the meaner the better: It is a maxim observable in these dayes, that the onely way to win the game, is to play *petty Johns*. Of this number is the Esquire of the quill; for he hath the grudging of *History*, and some yawnings, accordingly. Writing is a disease in him, and holds like a quotidian, so it is his infirmity that makes him an Author. As *Mahomet* was beholding to the falling sickness to vouch him a *Prophet*. That nice Artificer who filed a chain so thinne and light that a Flea could trail it, (as if he had worked short-hand, and taught his tooles to cypher) did but contrive an Emblem for this skip jack and his slight productions.

Me thinks the *Turk* should licence Diurnalls, because he prohibits learning and books. A Library of Diurnalls is a wardrobe of frippery, it is a just Idea of the Limbo of Infants. I saw one once that could

writ

write with his toes, by the same token I could have wished he had worn his copies for socks, it is he without doubt, from whom the Diurnalls derive their pedegree, and they have a birth-right accordingly, being shuffled out at the beds feet of History. To what infinite numbers an Historian would multiply, should he crumble into Elves of this profession? *Legioned Pymme*, whose flesh bred such a world of Executors, as being made of the row of a Herring, of nothing else but compacted nits, did not disband his body in more variety. To supply this smallnesse they are fain to joyn forces, so they are not singly, but as the custome is, in a croaking Committee; They tug at the Pen, like slaves at the Oare, a whole bank together, they write in the posture that the *Sweeds* give fire in, over one anothers heads. It is said there is more of them go to a suit of Cloaths, than to a *Britannicus*; In this Poligamy the Cloaths breed, and cannot determine whose issue is lawfully begotten.

And here I think it were not amisse to take a particular how he is accoutered, and so doe by him, as he in his *Siquis* for the wall eyed Mare, or the crop sleabitten; give you the marks of the Beast. I begin with his head, which is ever in the Clouts, as if the night-

night-cap ſhould make affidavit, that the brain was pregnant. To what purpoſe doth the *Pia Mater* lie in ſo duly, in her white formalities, ſure ſhe hath hard labour; for the browes have ſqueezed for it, as you may perceive by his buttered bongrace, that film of a demicaſter, it is ſo thinne and unctuous, that the Sun-beams miſtake it for a vapour, and are like to cap him; ſo it is right *Heliotrope*, it creaks in the ſhine, and flaps in the ſhade. What ever it be, I wiſh it were able to call in his eares; there is no proportion betwixt that head and appurtenances? thoſe of all Luggs are no more fit for that ſmall Noddle of the circumciſion, than braſſe boſſes for a *Geneva* Bible. In what a puzzling newtrality is that poore ſoule that moves betwixt two ſuch ponderous byaſſes. His collar is wedged with a piece of peeping linnen, by which he meanes a *bond*, it is the forlorne of his ſhirt crawling out of his neck, indeed it is time that his ſhirt were jogging, for it hath ſerved him an apprentiſhip, and (as prentices uſe) it hath learned his trade too, to which effect it is marching to the Paper Mill, and the next week ſets up for it ſelf in the ſhape of a *Pamphlet*. His *Gloves* are the ſhavings of his hands, for he caſts his skin like a cancelled parchment, the itch repreſents the

bro-

broken ſeals. His Boots are the Legaſies of two black Jacks, and till he pawned the ſilver that the Jacks were tipped with, it was a pretty mode of boot-hoſe tops. For the reſt of his habit he is a perfect Seaman, a kind of Interpawlin, he being hanged about with his courſe compoſition thoſe Poledames papers.

But I muſt draw to an end, for every Character is an Anotamy-Lecture, and it fares with mee in this of the *Diurnall-maker*, as with him that reads on a begged Malefactor; my ſubject ſmells before I have gone half thorow him: for a parting blow then, the word *Hiſtorian* imports a ſage and ſolemn Author, one that curles his brow with a ſullen gravity, like a Bull-necked Presbyter, ſince the Army hath got him off his juriſdiction, who Presbyter-like ſweeps his breaſt with a reverend beard, full of native moſſe-troopers. Not ſuch a ſquirting ſcribe as this that is troubled with the Rickets, and makes penyworths of Hiſtory. The Colledge-Treaſury, that never had in bank above a *Harry* groat, ſhut up there in a melancholy ſolitude, like one that is kept to keep poſſeſſion, had as good evidence to ſhew for his title, as he for an Hiſtorian: ſo if he needs will be an Hiſtorian, he is not cited in the *Sterling* acception, but after the rate of blew caps reckoning an Hiſtorian Scot.

Now

Now a Scotchmans tongue runnes high *Fulhames*, there is a cheat in his Ideome; for the sense ebbes from the bold expression, like the Citizens *Gallon*, which the drawer interprets but *half a pinte*. In summe, a *Diurnall-maker* is the antemark of an Historian, he differs from him as a Drill from a man (or if you had rather have it in the Saints gibberish) as a *Homer* doth from a *Holderforth*.

FINIS.